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LOSS OF THE "SANTIAGO DE CUBA."

The steamship *Santiago de Cuba*, of the North American Steamship Company, Captain **Behm** in command, stranded on Absecom Beach, near Atlantic City, New Jersey, on the night of May 21. The weather was foggy; but the moon was shining at the time the vessel stranded. Efforts were made, by reversing the engine, to get her off; but it was found that the vessel was firmly imbedded in the sand. The sea ran high, and fears were entertained that if the wind increased to a gale the vessel would go to pieces: arrangements were therefore made to lower the boats and get the passengers ashore. The first two boats with lady passengers reached the shore in safety; but the third was capsized, and four women, one child, and a seaman were lost. The life-raft was launched bottom up, and had to be drawn on deck and righted: it was sent to the shore with a load of passengers, landing them in safety. In hauling back the raft it was capsized, and the quarter-master of the *Santiago de Cuba*, **Martin M'Nulty**, who had distinguished himself in saving persons from the capsized boat, was drowned. At this time the wreckers of Absecom coast came up, and the remainder of the passengers were removed from the vessel in safety.

Our illustration was taken from the beach by our artist, Mr. A. R. **Waud**, and shows the wreckers on the shore, the life-boats in the surf, and the stranded vessel in the distance.

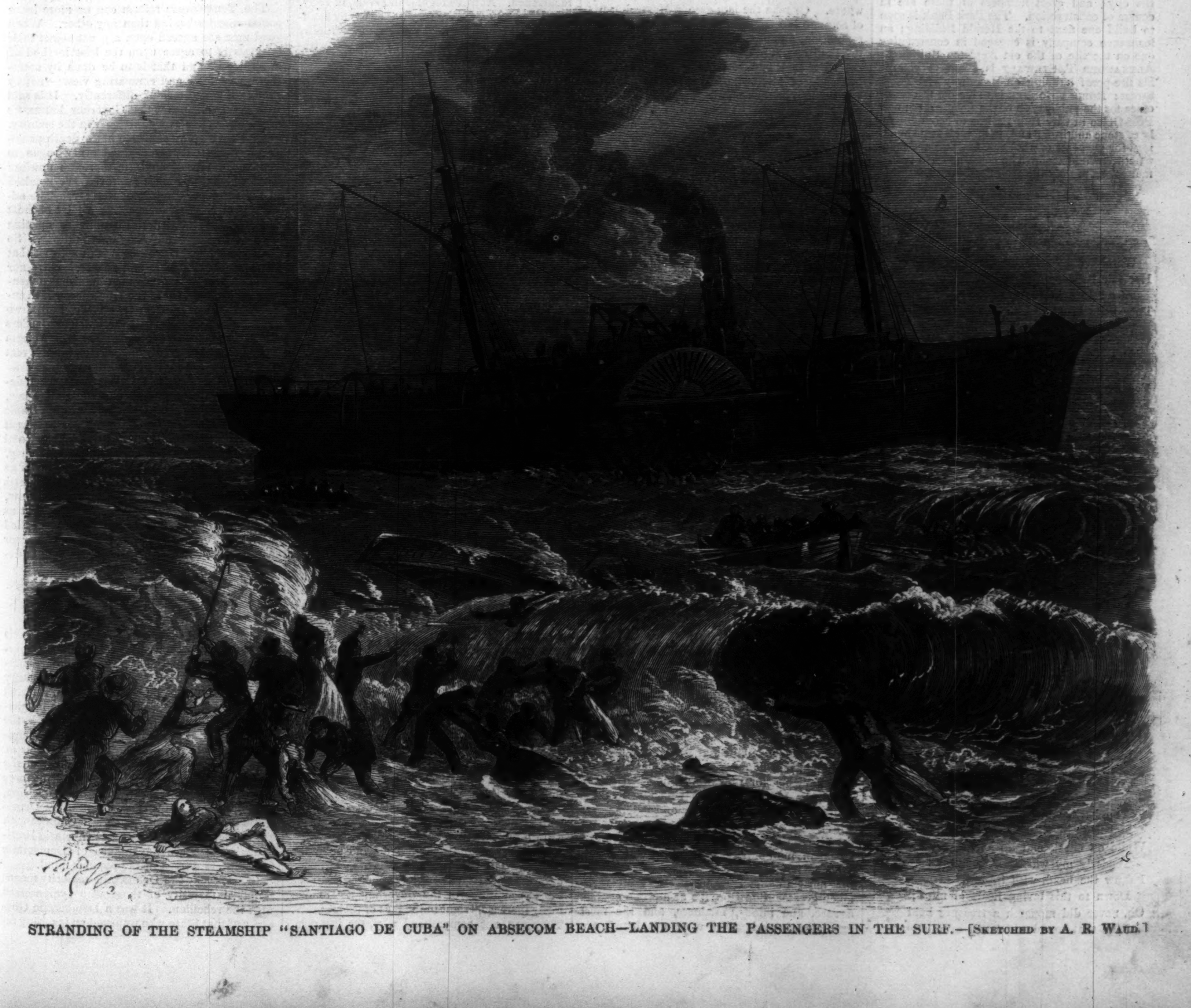
THE BROADWAY BRIDGE.

The Leow Bridge across Broadway at Fulton Street was thrown open to the public on May 16. We give this week an illustration of the structure, by which the reader will obtain a clearer idea of its proportions and appearance than could be conveyed by mere description.

Our engraving also gives a view of the new *Herald* Building, just finished and lately occupied as the publication office of that journal. This is one of the most elegant structures on Broadway; its peculiar position, and the happy combination in its design of the ornate Italian and Ionic styles of architecture, give it a picturesque appearance; it has been specially adapted to the necessities of daily newspaper publication, and, consequently, not only fully answers the requirements of its owner, but is an ornament to the city. The *Herald* Building is thoroughly fire-proof, being built almost entirely of stone and iron, and is a remarkable illustration of the adaptability of stone and iron to delicate forms of ornamentation, and to the construction of buildings combining beauty and elegance with strength and durability. The attention of the public is, we are happy to say, being daily more and more directed to the necessity of erecting fire-proof buildings, and the superiority and comparative cheapness of iron work is being daily developed.

The progress of the use of iron in building may be gathered from the fact that twenty years ago there was hardly a building in the United States in which more than $10,000 worth of iron was employed, while to-day edifices are numbered by the dozen in the construction of which from $200,000 to $300,000 have been expended upon the iron work alone. For examples of fire-proof buildings before the iron-age, one needs but to look at the building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, once used for the Custom-house, and now used as the Sub-Treasury, and the Old Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom-house, on Wall Street. The architect of the former building gave up a third of the space to utterly useless porticoes; and in the latter case, besides giving up much space to the great portico, constructed the walls and windows in such a manner that nearly half of the rooms must be artificially lighted during a great part of the day.

Among the first buildings erected after the inauguration of the "Iron-age" was the present Printing and Publishing Establishment of **Harper & Brothers**; and it is doubtful if a more perfect or more durable building has since been constructed. It is by far the largest building for its purposes in the world. It occupies a somewhat irregular plot of ground extending through from Franklin Square in Pearl Street to Cliff Street, with a front on each of about 120 feet, and a depth from street to street of about 170, covering in all ten "city lots," equal to about half an acre. Upon this are erected two buildings, one fronting on each street, with a court-yard between, which, besides other purposes, serves to give light and air to the rear of each building. The Cliff Street building is the manufactory; the Franklin Square building contains the offices and ware-rooms. The main front on Franklin Square is built wholly of iron. It consists of five stories, above-ground, each having 21 handsome columns, the interspaces wholly of iron. The side and rear walls are of stone and iron. To gain a firm foundation for this heavy structure it was necessary to go down nearly thirty feet below the surface of the street. This space was utilized by throwing it into two subterranean stories—a cellar and sub-cellar. The Cliff Street building is of brick, rising six stories above-ground, with a basement below. The essential features of both buildings are to be found in the interior construction; especially in the adaptation of iron to the support of the floors of the different stories. The whole interior struc-



STRANDING OF THE STEAMSHIP "SANTIAGO DE CUBA" ON ABSECOM BEACH—LANDING THE PASSENGERS IN THE SURF.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

ture of both buildings is supported upon a series of iron columns, rising from story to story. From column to column in each story extends a girder composed of a cast-iron arch, and a *wrought*-iron tension-rod. This rod, about the size of a man's arm at the elbow, is dove-tailed at each end into the head of a column; the arch, of which it forms a part, can only be broken down by a weight at the top sufficient to pull this rod asunder. The iron which composes this arch is cast into shapes which not only economize material by putting it just where wanted, but present an ornamental appearance. Across the top of these arches are placed a series of beams of rolled iron to support the floors. These beams, shaped much like the ⊥ rail of a railroad, lie four feet apart. The floors consist of a series of low brick arches turned from beam to beam. These are laid dry, grouted, and then filled up level with cement on the upper side, making a solid floor of brick and cement. Over this, for comfort, is laid a covering of wood, which is really only a carpet.

Every thing, it will be seen, rests not upon the walls, but upon the pillars. These are so framed together by girders and beams as to be self-supporting. It is believed that if all the exterior walls were taken away the interior structure would sustain itself, with all its contents. The structure is able to sustain ten times the weight likely to be placed within it. Nothing short of an earthquake or a bombardment, it is believed, for the generations during which the solid iron, stone, and brick will retain their strength, can impair the security of these edifices. United States engineers surveyed the buildings when finished, and said but one mistake was made—there was twice the strength required.

There is no connection between the different stories within the buildings. The only way of access to the upper stories is by a circular iron staircase contained in a round tower in the centre of the court-yard. Iron bridges reach from this tower to the different floors. Each floor is in effect an isolated fire-proof apartment, containing nothing combustible except the furniture and stock. All packages are raised and lowered through a hoistway containing a movable platform carried up and down by the steam-engine. It is the absence of interior staircases, belt-holes, and hoistways that renders these buildings nearer fire-proof than any previously erected; and notwithstanding the absence of these necessities in most buildings, no inconvenience has ever arisen, the tower staircase and the iron bridges affording ample means of transit.

We may almost say that fire-proof buildings *only* are now being erected in the lower part of the city; and great numbers of these are in course of construction. The Park Bank is soon to build one next to the Herald Building; an insurance company is engaged in constructing one on the site of the old Appleton Buildings; Alexander T. Stewart is about to enlarge his fire-proof building on Broadway and Tenth Street; Robert Bonner is to build a fire-proof office for the publication of the *Ledger;* the new Post-Office in City Hall Park is to be exclusively of stone and iron; and, in fact, all large buildings for purposes of wholesale business and manufacture will henceforth be constructed in such a manner as to defy the arch-fiend—Fire.

MY FIRESIDE.

At home again I softly stand,
Watching my wife by the fireside there—
Her fair head resting on her hand—
Fast asleep in the easy-chair.
Poor little bird! did she weary grow
Watching so long my coming to greet?
Watching the shadows come and go,
And listening for footsteps in the street?

I've no Fifth Avenue mansion fine,
With costly mirrors and pictures rare;
There's but one picture I can call mine,
'Tis by the fireside there.
Surely a fairer ne'er was seen!
Ah, Raphael never painted a face
So gentle and pure and sweet I ween,
Nor a form so full of grace!

My cheerful home, so cozy and neat,
Is an Eden made by my little wife;
The last, best gift, most wondrous sweet,
With which God crowns my life!
Our little table is set for tea,
With simple china gilt and white,
But 'tis better far than Sèvres to me,
As it gleams in the fire-light.

I am only a clerk with a salary small,
But Mable and I ne'er wish for more:
We never go to concert or ball,
Nor care a whit for fashion and show.
But I have music—Mabel sings
Low to me at the eventide,
When like a bird with weary wings
I rest me here at my darling's side.

"Come back, come back from dream-land now,
Mabel darling!" I softly call,
While on cheek and lip and snowy brow
Tenderly my warm kisses fall.
I draw the head, with its curls of gold,
Down to this loving heart of mine;
Oh, never did monarch a treasure hold
Like that round which my arms entwine!

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Saturday, June 8, 1867

"PURITANISM."

THE papers which habitually abuse what they call Puritanism are very fond of seizing upon every unusual and atrocious crime which is committed in New England, and declaring that such is Puritan morality. The implication is, that the moral influences and efforts which proceed from that quarter are hypocritical. Indeed, nothing is more comical than to read the objurgations poured out upon a New England sinner by those who contemplated the plantation life of slavery and the daily history of Andersonville with perfect complacency. We have been ourselves often favored by the zealous with a list of "Yankee enormities," which they informed us, with burning sarcasm, that it would be well to illustrate; and we remember to have seen a list of some dozen offenses, which was diligently published in the rebel and Copperhead newspapers, as peculiarly fit subjects for the artists of *Harper's Weekly*. Among these suggestive subjects, however, we do not recall that the sale of one's children by another man's wife, or the hiring out of other men's labor, or the whipping of women, or a hundred not exceptional but constant and characteristic incidents of a region and system which denied human rights, were included.

When, for instance, we published a representation of the scarred and welted back of a freedman, it was not the story of a single crime but of a criminal system, of horrors which are inevitable in any society in which men and women are abandoned to the passions of others. Now the test of the moral condition of a community is not crime which is common to all communities, but the feeling with which it is regarded. If there be no especial abhorrence of the worst offenses, it is fair to assume a general demoralization. Applying this test to a "Puritan" and a "Cavalier" community, what do we find? A few months since the sarcastic critics published the story of the savage or insane clergyman who beat his child to death as if it were an illustration of a certain state of society. If he were not insane it was an unspeakable crime, and it was so denounced every where. Or take the late case in Massachusetts of Sereno Howe, a clergyman always of good reputation, a man of ability, and a member of the Legislature. The Copperhead papers cried out as if they had at last discovered the real tendency of Massachusetts civilization. But the truth was that public indignation was so aroused and universal that Howe was obliged to fly on the very night of his exposure; the next day he sent in his resignation to the astounded Legislature, then disappeared, and has not since been heard of.

Howe's offenses were indescribable; but bad as they were, can any thing be worse than to seduce other men's wives and sell their children? Massachusetts instinctively sprewed out Howe. When did public opinion in any slave State ever exile a man who sold other men's children? The reason is, that the Puritan civilization does not generate criminals like Howe, while those of the other kind were the natural and necessary product of the Southern social system. Under New England influences the pangs of Andersonville are absolutely impossible. In the region where they occurred they were merely natural. When, therefore, you find a paper which gloats over the fierce punishment of a pupil by a New England teacher, or the poisoning of the family coffee by a New England servant, or the overwhelming shame of a New England clergyman, events wholly exceptional, ask yourself what that paper used to say of the daily and necessary crimes of the slave system; what it said of Andersonville, what it said of the treatment of the Southern negroes after the war. Such critics expose every blot in the civilization of liberty that the foulness of the social spirit they defend may seem less hideous.

THE REAL REASON.

The feeling of indignation with Mr. Greeley for offering bail for Jefferson Davis has a very different source from that which he and the New York *World* ascribe to it. It does not spring from any mean hate. It is not the result of any desire of vengeance upon a man whose differences of political opinion led to so frightful a war. But its deepest source is the universal conviction that Davis was privy to the devilish conspiracy which doomed the prisoners at Andersonville and Salisbury and Belle Isle; and that he knew, as indeed he could not help knowing, for they were published to the world, the hideous tortures which were there deliberately inflicted upon Union soldiers. He is not only a technical traitor, he not only led the attempt at secession, which an honest and mistaken man might have done, but he attempted it for the foulest of purposes and by the most inhuman means. His guilt is as much greater than Booth's as a crime against a race, and idiocy, madness, and the most agonizing death inflicted upon a multitude are worse than the sudden and painless murder of a single man.

It is because Mr. Greeley was so forward to take such a man by the hand that the public sense of decency is outraged. Davis is not indeed indicted for the Andersonville crimes—it may not be possible to show a single written order of his in regard to that frightful pen, but no ingenuity of sophistry can persuade intelligent men that he did not know what every body else knew, that Union prisoners were most cruelly slaughtered by men who were his subordinates. Because this crime can not be technically proved it is no less a crime; and because it is wrong to keep a man in prison without a trial, it does not follow that the man is not the worst of offenders.

It is because Mr. Greeley lent himself to the foolish farce of the bail, because he, identified with Liberty, rushed to grasp the unrepenting hand which had slain and tortured thousands for Slavery, that his friends and political allies are so pained and amazed. When he says, contemptuously, that three years hence they will applaud the act, he merely shows that his judgment is still fatally disturbed. Have those friends and allies ever applauded the articles which he wrote six years ago to justify the secession of a State upon the principles of the Revolution, if a majority of its people assented? Have they ever approved the Niagara negotiations, in which he placed Mr. Lincoln in the wholly false position of seeming to decline overtures of peace from the rebels? Have they ever applauded his letter urging Mr. Lincoln to buy terms of the rebels?

We certainly do not attribute dishonorable motives to Mr. Greeley. He undoubtedly became bail for Davis because he thought it would help the Republican party, and himself as a conspicuous Republican. We think that he was mistaken, but we are very sure that he never made a greater mistake than in supposing that indignation with him for embracing an offender against human nature is to "base a great and enduring party upon hate and vengeance."

POPULAR MISTRUST OF 1867.

The figure 7 has so often proved itself a numeral of ill omen that it is no wonder commercial enterprise is apprehensive of its periodical recurrence. At three regular intervals, in 1837, 1847, and 1857, the country was swept by financial panics; hence the popular mind naturally argues that the fatal decade lies somehow within the influence of the law of panics; and those persons especially who have been singed in the flame are cautious how they allow business projects to tempt them into positions where they would be exposed to disaster. They prefer to do no business at all rather than run risks. Merchants buy from hand to mouth; manufacturers work only to fill orders; capitalists invest only where the security is unquestionable. Because the people ascertained, last fall, that over-expansion was not the highway to prosperity which they had imagined, but was attended with positive dangers, they wisely determined to avoid that rock, but ran into the opposite extreme. When Congress so far indorsed the policy of contraction as to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to reduce the volume of currency four millions per month, the people cried out in fear of the dangers that threatened on that side also. Whichever way they turned, they saw nothing but difficulties. So they strengthened themselves against the anticipated disaster in every way possible.

It is the same superstitious anxiety that makes the public start with alarm at every whisper of a business failure, and throws it into convulsions when some heavy house actually falls—for is not this the year 1867, and has not each decade for forty years been fatal with failures? So, as month after month lapses quietly, we persistently predict that a revulsion is nevertheless certain to come before the year closes; we exhibit the folly of a seaman refusing to embark on a voyage for fear he may be drowned. We permit all our industries to languish and ourselves to run in debt through a puerile fear that if we prosecute business we shall become bankrupt.

The fact is, that so far from being anxious respecting the future months of the present year, we should have much cause for encouragement if these over-cautious laggards could only be stimulated into reasonable activity. Instead of our revenue falling off largely, and the monthly exhibit of the Secretary of the Treasury showing a constantly increasing addition to the public debt (as it promises to do for a considerable time to come), we should be able to meet all the requirements of the Government through our industrial activity and accumulation. The constant stream of immigration from Europe lends additional aid to our efforts, while our mines add $100,000,000 in gold annually to our resources. The people can do much if they take courage.

But every thing does not depend upon the people. The people are willing to meet heavy taxation squarely, but they do not wish to see the expenditures of the Government "temporarily increase," right in the face of their efforts. They can not comprehend why, for instance, a year's expenses of the War Department should reach $284,649,701 in time of peace, or why they should be $268,000,000 larger in 1866 than they were in 1860. They would prefer to have fewer taxes and less tax-collectors. A more faithful stewardship is required of those who manage the people's money, and a more judicious financial policy. Industry alone will accomplish nothing more decisive or beneficial than legislation alone, but both together, under proper economy, might work wonders.

INTEMPERANCE.

The ferocity with which Governor Andrew has been assailed by some persons as a reprobate and a lost leader because he differed with them as to the best method of promoting temperance is very amusing. It is the comical side of what was so tragical in the Southern States in the good old times when slavery, which Mr. Charles O'Conor described as so blessed and beautiful, had full swing, and any man who questioned its divinity was mobbed, ridden on a rail, hung or burned amidst the applause of "the great Democratic party," which has so wholesome a contempt for "moral ideas." But this intolerance, which is natural in a barbarous state of society and under the auspices of a party depending like the Democratic party upon ignorance and passion, is ridiculous in any enlightened community. If men may not differ upon the methods of restraining or diminishing vice, upon what may they differ? If a man may not object to a method of dealing with intemperance, which in his judgment merely increases its evils and produces countless others, to what is it proper for him to object?

There are certain general statements made in regard to the nature of ardent spirits, and their effect upon the human system, which are constantly repeated and undoubtedly honestly believed. Some of these Governor Andrew questions, and sustains his doubts by ample authorities. Are such points not matters of discussion? Must a man think at his soul's peril that every kind of stimulant under all circumstances is pernicious? The question of stimulants is one of which not one in five hundred of the most pugnacious teetotalers has any knowledge whatever, and those who have no knowledge have no right to an opinion.

The Temperance reform can no more leave common-sense behind than any other. When good men are agreed upon a great object their business is to agree upon the best method of attaining it, and that is to be done by ascertaining the facts and comparing views—not by cursing those who think differently. It is said with great vehemence that Governor Andrew's argument cheers every groggery in the country. What then? The abolition of the death penalty for many offenses cheered every rogue in England. Was the reform therefore unwise? That which the rogues approved has resulted in the surer punishment of roguery. The advocates of hanging for stealing a joint of meat denounced Sir Samuel Romilly as opening the jails and giving up England to thieves. So the opponents of Governor Andrew insist that he favors drunkenness and misery. Governor Andrew replies, "I mean to diminish drunkenness and misery." Is the loud sneer which answers him an argument? "My Lords, we shall be ruined," croaked the old Tory leaders when the Reform was imminent. The Reform was carried, and England will stand a great deal of such ruining.

The Court of Appeals in this State, when deciding the constitutionality of the Excise law, said truly that the regulation of the liquor traffic is an undoubted right of society. But how it shall be regulated, whether by partial or total prohibition, is purely a question of expediency. All the foul names in the world do not change that fact. The majority of the Massachusetts Legislature disagree with Governor Andrew, and have retained the prohibitory law. Let us hope that they would smile if they were called a body of Torquemadas; precisely as Governor Andrew and his friends smile when he is denounced as a lost leader.

KENTUCKY POLITICS.

The Democratic majority in Kentucky is about forty-two thousand against about thirty-eight thousand in 1866. Those who are anxious to intrust the Government of the country or of any State to the same party are referred to Kentucky. In that State, as in the municipal Government of the city of New York, the blessings of Democratic ascendency are manifested, as they were in the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas, the Dred Scott decision, and, finally, in the rebellion plotted by Democratic Senators and a Democratic Cabinet with the imbecile connivance of a Democratic President. These are advantages of Democratic rule still quite fresh in the popular mind.

In Kentucky the Democratic majority means simply a majority of those who sympathized with the rebellion. It was a Democratic Governor of that State who returned an insulting reply to President Lincoln's summons for troops, and the Democratic ascendency kept the State from ever being truly loyal. Had the Democratic loyalty of Kentucky been that of the whole land, Jeff Davis and his friends would have overthrown the Government and ruined the country within the first six months of the rebellion. The fiercest of the unreconstructed rebels in the Southern States hailed the result of the Connecticut election, because they thought that it showed a tendency in other States to join Kentucky, and they knew that when the politics of Kentucky are those of the country the political work of the war will be undone as far as possible, and repudiation, compensation for slaves, the invalidity of the emancipation amendment, and unconditional restoration to Congress, will not be as dimly distant as they now are.

Kentucky is Democratic. It was the only State not openly in rebellion which was thoroughly Democratic through the war; and there was no State not in insurrection in which secession had such sincere sympathy. We do not forget the brave men of Kentucky who volunteered for the cause, and who nobly fought at home and abroad, and whose patriotic devotion was all the greater because they were greatly outnumbered. But true as they were they did not speak for the State. They were the political minority. They are the minority still. But they are now coming to see that they might be the majority if all loyal men, black or white, were voters. The Democracy, which instinctively hates equal rights and loves caste and privilege, will of course resist such a result. But it is this very resistance, this steady hostility to human rights and consequent national peace and prosperity, which has fully revealed the real character of the reactionary faction which is known as the Democratic party.

The dominance of that party makes Kentucky what it is. Those who wish other States to resemble Kentucky will naturally work and pray for Democratic rule.

THE TOMBS.

If the jail at Richmond was not a fit place in which to imprison a man accused of the enormous crime with which Jefferson Davis is charged, certainly the presentation of the Grand Jury shows that the Tombs in this city is a totally unfit prison for mere murderers and thieves. The space is altogether too small for the number of prisoners, and the cells are damp and infested with vermin. Indeed, the Report of the Grand Jury upon the chief prison in the city of New York reads like a description of the London jails of more than a century ago. The Marshalsea, which Dickens describes in "Little Dorrit," was a pleasant palace compared with the well-named Tombs.

Now we should like to know what follows such a report. A Grand Jury, composed of intelligent and responsible men, personally inspects and denounces a prison. What happens? Does any thing happen? Is any thing done? Whose business is it to see that something is done? We observe that the judge thanked the jury sincerely for their interest and investigation; but we did not observe that he intimated that any thing would be done. Every body's business is nobody's business. We are informed that the prison is a disgrace to humanity and civilization. A judge vicariously announces that we are much obliged for the information, and proceeds to call the case next in order. We do not accuse the judge. It is possible that owing to his strenuous representations a reform is already begun. It is possible that proposals are already issued for a prison large enough, and for adequate care of the prisoners. But we know nothing of it. So far as appears we and every body have heard the last of the matter, until it occurs to another Grand Jury to go and grabble in the same filth. Indeed somebody, with an air of injury, complained that a Grand Jury had visited the prison a year ago—as if that were quite enough. A biennial exposure is apparently sufficient. A reform is superfluous.

The Grand Jury have presented the Tombs as a totally inadequate city prison. Is that the end of the matter?

MORE FENIAN RUMORS.

It is openly announced that another Fenian movement is organized for invading Canada, and one of the leaders has the kindness to announce that the Fenian bullets are aimed at the red-coats; so that if a Canadian, happening to think that the red-coats are only the agents of his Government, should support them and be shot for his pains, his end is to be soothed by the reflection that "Irishmen bear no hate to Canadians personally."

As long as the war is confined to the Boston Music Hall or a room in Buffalo it is only ludicrous and contemptible. But the detailed accounts of warlike preparation and the known recklessness of many of the Fenian partisans justify an apprehension of some outbreak like that of last year, and the duty of the United States Government is plain. Forewarned is forearmed. The authorities know what was done last year; they understand the chances now, and they should be very sure to take such steps as will make any body of men rue the day when they attempt to make this country what England was made by governmental collusion during the rebellion—the base of hostile operations against a friendly power.

There is not a single point in this Fenian agitation which appeals to the respect or sympathy of any generous or humane man. No one who frankly acknowledges the sufferings of Ireland and its misgovernment by England believes that an insurrection upon Irish soil is now practicable, or that it would relieve the difficulty; while every such man must heartily despise the methods by which some of the Irish population of this country have been fleeced to support men who made the foray into Canada, and the result of whose efforts for the liberation of Ireland has thus far been an enormous subscription of which somebody has had the benefit, a few innocent people murdered in Canada, and a few enthusiasts imprisoned for life in Ireland.

The O'Donoghue and John Bright with all the Irish and English Liberal leaders have exposed the folly and futility of the armed demonstrations. The troubles of Ireland, like those of England, are to be redressed by peaceful agitation. It begins to be very evident that the Tories will not resist to the utmost the pressure of the people. But whether they will or will not—whether the best friends of Ireland are or are not mistaken, the simple duty of our Government is to defend its honor against evil men who would most basely abuse the hospitality they receive. The one shining act of President Johnson's Administration is his prompt vindication of the national honor at the time of the Fenian foray. We trust that a similar occasion would find him equally vigorous and ready.

THE PARTY OF VENGEANCE.

How far "Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance" is the animating principle of the Republican party may be seen in the address which the Union Congressional Committee has issued to the people of the Southern States. This vindictive document declares that the party wishes such a restoration of the Union as will save us from future wars. It revengefully announces that the party will encourage free speech, a free press, and free schools. It wickedly asserts that the recognition of equal rights throughout the whole country secures peace, progress, and prosperity, and that it does not imply any hostility of races. It atrociously avers that the laboring man, whether white or black, needs the protection of law and the ballot, by which he secures equal laws and a just administration of them. This incendiary manifesto urges that there must be a co-operation of races to obtain the fair fruit of freedom for the Southern States, and actually proclaims that the exhausted and backward condition of those States is due to the slave-holding aristocracy which has controlled it for two hundred years.

Not content with this, the address proceeds to fulfill the party policy of "Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance" by earnestly inviting and imploring the people of the Southern States to accept universal suffrage, to establish public schools, and to enable the poor to become landholders as fast as possible. Then with bitter mockery the address announces that Congress will exercise its authority of restoring the States "fairly and generously" when they give the only evidence which can be given that they are true to the Union—namely, trust-worthy majorities. This furious address, which, as will be seen, breathes the very soul of hate and wrath, concludes by saying that "if the people of the States lately in rebellion shall cheerfully and in good faith reorganize their Governments upon the principles of the laws passed by Congress, there will then remain no causes of difference between various sections of the country."

If this does not show that the party which conducted the war successfully, which emancipated and enfranchised the slaves, and which would rebuild the Union upon justice and common-sense, is a party of vengeance and hate, we do not believe it can be proved

THE ENGLISH LIBERAL VIEW OF THE RELEASE OF DAVIS.

The London *Star*, the organ of John Bright, was one of our stanchest friends in the English press during the war. It speaks thus of the release of Davis:

> "Jefferson Davis is again a free man. After a detention of just two years the authorities of the United States have restored to liberty one of the most unscrupulous and implacable enemies, one of the least excusable rebels, who ever helped to plunge a country into civil war. Nominally, Davis is released on bail, to come up for trial next November; but in reality it may, we presume, be taken that the ex-President of the Southern Confederation is relieved of all further responsibility for his political offenses. The United States have here once again given an example of magnanimity and mercy by which the Old World may well profit. They have given an example of political wisdom too. Jefferson Davis, executed on the scaffold as a traitor, might have left a bitter and even a dangerous memory behind him. Jefferson Davis contemptuously dismissed to the obscurity of private life, will soon fade out of memory altogether. ...... We do not write thus from any wish to throw additional odium on a fallen man. But it is a duty we owe to a great cause and to truth to remind England that this is the man who was the idol of what are called our governing classes three years ago—the man in answer to whose appeal journals and speakers in this country clamored for war against our own kindred, and against the principles of human liberty and the Christian doctrine of human rights. While men in England, too, are crying out even now for the life-blood of some petty and powerless Irish rebels, it is right to show how grievous were the crimes of Davis against the United States, and how the United States have punished them. We are glad that Davis is set free. *His life has been, happily for mankind, a failure*; and the best thing that can be hoped for him is, that the world may soon forget him, and history only give a few passing lines to his name."

MAXIMILIAN.

The French-Austrian empire in Mexico is now wholly at an end, and any moment may bring us news of the end of the Emperor also. Should he be executed by the victorious Republicans, although he will but suffer the fate to which he had doomed Juarez, yet the feeling of the world would hold Louis Napoleon indirectly responsible. Nothing in his career has so injured him as his great Mexican mistake.

As for the future of Mexico, speculation is useless. It is idle to suppose that there are the men or the conditions there which will found a firm and permanent popular government; nor has Juarez yet shown the qualities which will educe order from national chaos. The great moral of the fall of the toy empire is, however, significant. It is that America emphatically belongs to Americans, and that Europe must not expect successfully to interfere in American affairs.

We hope for the honor of the American Republican name that the victors will spare useless vengeance, and that the Mexicans will show a capacity and purpose which the world has no right to expect.

ANIMAL SUGAR-MILLS.

A love of sweet things is almost universal. Who ever saw a child that did not want more than the mother is willing to give it? It is something akin to absolute necessity to be always in readiness for saccharine food; and it is the language of the organs of digestion, demanding it; and that is a reason why the appetite craves sugar in childhood and age.

Our farinaceous food, as bread, yields starch, without which the system suffers immensely. Soon after passing from the stomach it is mixed with secretions from the liver and some other neighboring glands, which change the mass into a sweet paste. The liver manufactures a large amount of sugar daily in every human being. If, therefore, the child importunes for sugar and candy, it is because their never cloyed appetency for sweets shows it is needed; and if it is not given to them the sugar-mill inside, the liver, is called upon to make up the deficiency.

Chemistry shows what the sugar yields to the body, and modern chemistry, too, demonstrates why that article is so essential to the maintenance of vitality and health. Give children sugar, then, as it is all appropriated, and furnishes elements essential to their growth and sanitary status. They obtain it while nursing from the maternal fountain; but when weaned they require it from some other source. Denying children sugar on their bread and butter, molasses on their pudding, or a stick of candy when they importune for it, is withholding from them the very material which must be elaborated within their bodies by a vital process at the expense of all the muscles and tissues of the body. Give it to them, and the other fluids and materials are appropriated for the general development and well-being of the whole organic structure.

Most of the grain-eating and grass-consuming animals have their food to some extent converted into sugar in the process of digestion. From the foregoing facts important suggestions follow. One is this, viz.: that it is not injurious to children to be indulged in sweet things. Such is the deficiency in the quantity of sugar manufactured in some aged people that physicians prescribe it in large doses, and advise it to be carried in the pocket habitually, as a remedy.

LITERARY.

The Harpers have just published Mr. De Forest's novel, "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty," which is a story of the war, written with remarkable vividness and force. The plot is natural and simple, and the characters few and admirably drawn. They are mainly Dr. Ravenel, a sagacious and delightful Louisiana Unionist; his daughter, the heroine, who begins a rebel and ends a loyal woman; her two lovers, who are both Union officers—Carter, a Virginian and West Pointer, and Colborne, a Yankee volunteer; and Mrs. Larue, a New Orleans Creole. The action of events upon these characters and of the characters upon each other is described with great skill, and nothing is more remarkable than the total freedom from exaggeration in the portraiture. A man or a woman may be weak or wrong in some ways without being wholly devilish, and it is in the subtle play of good and bad influences, of emotion and passion, that the real interest of the book is found. The shrewd and humane wisdom of Dr. Ravenel, the earnestness and candor of Colborne, the dangerous coquetry of Mrs. Larue, the man-of-the-worldliness of Carter, and the maidenly and womanly character of Miss Ravenel, compose a drama of curious and delightful interest. But the characteristic scenes and events of the war are not forgotten. Some of the shames of the Louisiana campaign are plainly touched, and the air of reality through the whole story is so pronounced that it is hard not to feel, as you close the book, that it is a tale of actual incidents and persons.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

Fierce and gaunt is the hungry wolf,
And he utters a savage growl,
When forth from his secret lair he starts
Through the forest wilds to prowl;
And the echoes answer the dreary sound
From the lonely rocks and caves around.

Sharp and white are his gleaming teeth,
And his yellow eyeballs glow
Like coals of fire through the darkness round,
And his step is soft and low—
A stealthy step that you scarce can hear
Hath the hungry wolf when he draweth near.

In the silent hours of the night he comes
To the fold where are gathered the sheep:
A famished flock from their hidden lairs,
When the shepherd is fast asleep;
And his faithful dogs are overpowered,
The meek ewes slain, and their lambs devoured.

Afar where the settler's cabin stands,
On the edge of the forest drear,
When hunger hath made the gaunt wolf bold,
He will oftentimes draw near,
And howl through the long and dismal night
For the settler's babes that cry with fright.

Yet not in his distant forest haunts
May the wolf alone be found,
But abroad in the city's crowded streets,
Where fashion and wealth abound.
In the hollow visage, half starved and lean,
A startling likeness to him is seen.

And the work-girl, high in her garret room,
As she toils with bended head,
On weary gusset and band and seam,
Plies faster her needle and thread,
Lest the hungry wolf should come once more
With his stealthy tread to her chamber door.

And the beggar-child in her squalid rags,
And naked, shoeless feet,
Hears the cry of wolf in the sound of wheels
And the clamor of the street;
And at night lies down in her narrow place
In the grim old monster's lean embrace.

Fierce and gaunt is the hungry wolf,
And he utters a savage growl,
When forth from his secret lair he starts
Through the forest wilds to prowl;
But the other that lurks outside the door
Is the gaunt wolf Hunger that haunts the poor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

The recent decision in the New Orleans courts that debts incurred for the purchase of slaves before the war are null involves nearly one hundred million dollars in Louisiana alone.

The report that the Mobile riot was participated in by negroes is positively denied by persons who were in uncomfortable prominent positions on the speakers' platform at the time, and able to see what was going on among the crowd below them.

General Wager Swayne, commanding in Alabama, officially reports that the Mobile riot "was not apprehended or deliberately planned," that the shots "were fired apparently without vindictive purpose;" but adds that "at the same time freedom of speech and public order have been greatly outraged in that city by an element which is active in the spirit of the rebellion, and presumes upon the sympathy of the police in this regard. This is supported by the antecedents of the police, and by the fact that a single arrest was effected on the night of the disturbance."

A Bill of Rights, drafted by a Committee in the Maryland Constitutional Convention, declares that negro testimony shall be admissible in the courts in all cases, that no law of attainder for treason or felony ought to be made, and that no extraordinary test oath should be required on admission to office.

A petition for Jeff Davis's pardon was circulated by Southern men in Washington on May 22, and it was said that the head rebel himself was no longer averse to suing for clemency.

General Pope, on May 24, issued an order redistricting the States in his department, placing a freedman on each Board of Registration, and requiring all Registers to take the Test Oath.

A Texas judge has recently decided that negro testimony is inadmissible on the trial of white men; a Texas sheriff has lately refused to take greenbacks as a legal tender; and the Texas tax-collectors were lately taking Confederate currency for taxes, when General Griffin put a stop to that nonsense.

NEWS ITEMS.

The First National Bank of New Orleans failed on May 21. The principal debtors of the bank proved to be prominent rebel leaders. Beauregard owed $112,000; Dick Taylor, $37,500; Harry Hays, $20,000; and J. O. Nixson, $80,000. General Wade Hampton and others were also heavily indebted.

The iron-clad *Dunderberg*, lately purchased by Napoleon, was ordered on May 24 to proceed to France.

The trial of John H. Surratt, indicted for murder and conspiracy, was begun in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia on May 27. After some discussion on the part of the counsel the further consideration of the case was postponed until June 10.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The new Dominion of Canada was declared to exist from July 1, 1867, by proclamation of Queen Victoria of England. This is the sealing of the long-contemplated union of the bulk of the British Provinces of North America under one Government.

Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, died on May 24.

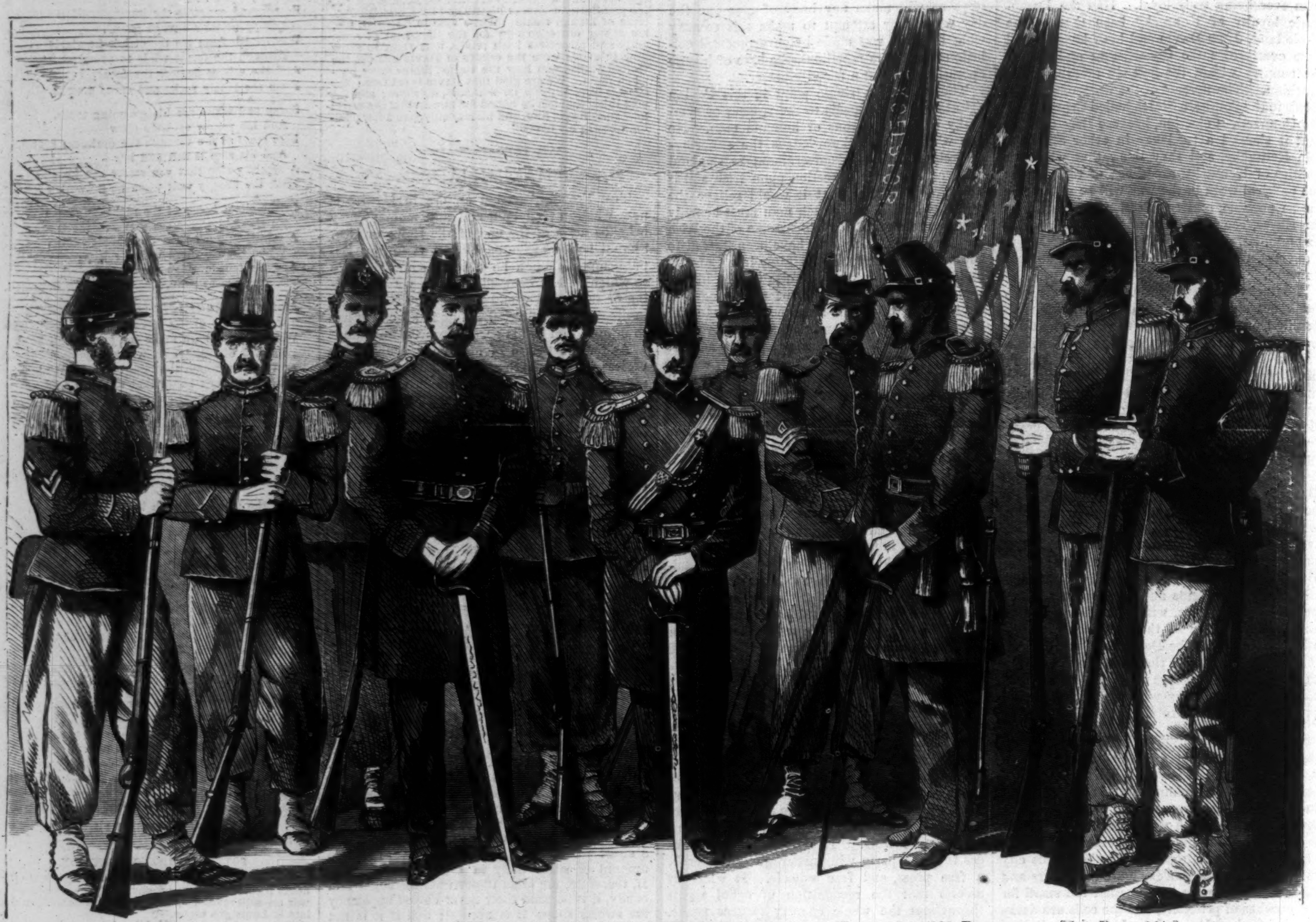
The United States gun-boat *Ashuelot* bombarded a town in the Island of Formosa in retaliation for the murder by the natives of the crew of the American bark *Rover*, shipwrecked on that coast.

It was officially announced in London on May 21 by Earl Derby that the proposition to arbitrate the *Alabama* and other claims of the United States against England had been refused, but he added that the American question would be amicably adjusted.

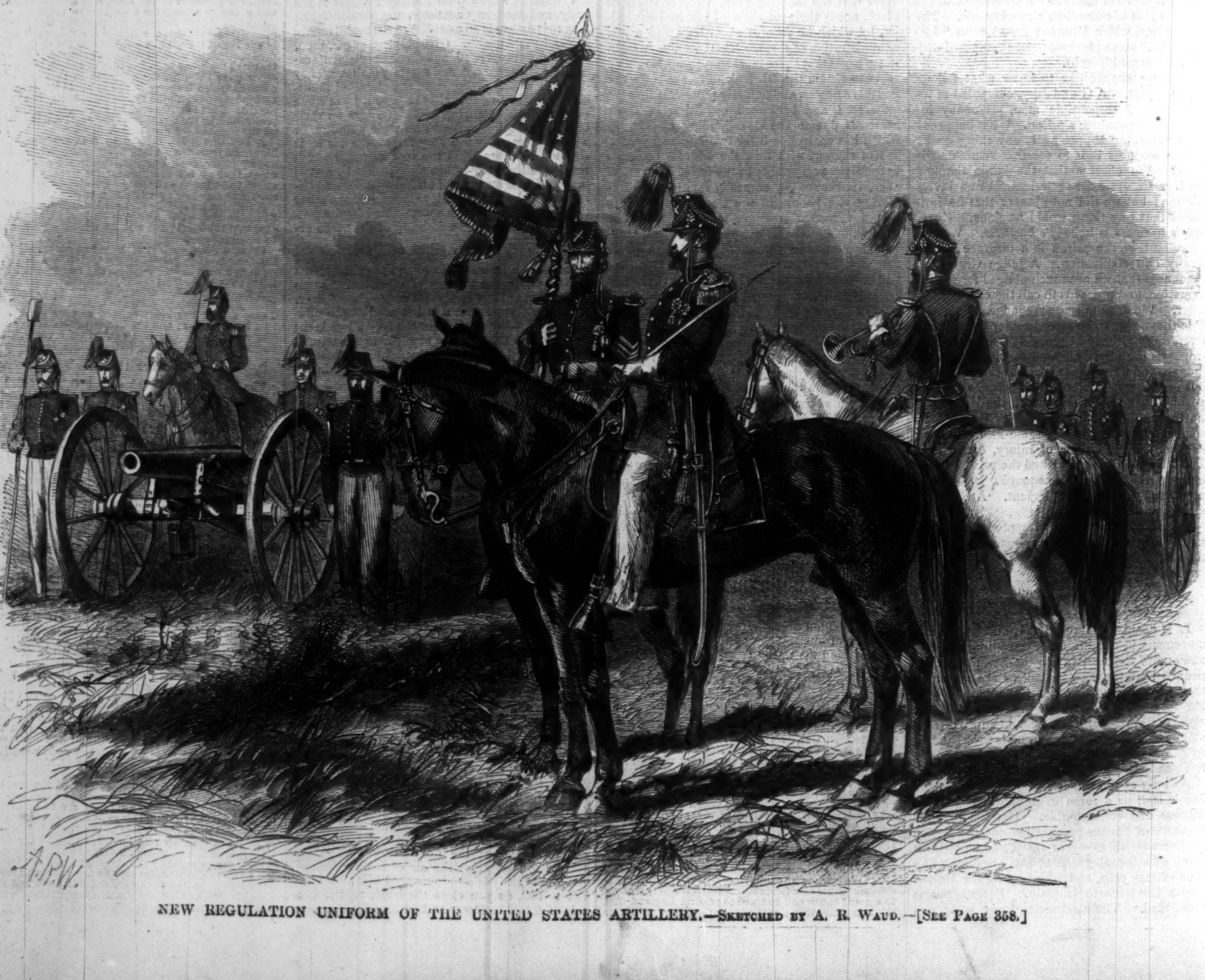
A plot to assassinate King William and Count Bismarck of Prussia was detected on May 21, and the plan frustrated by the arrest of several of the conspirators.

The Czar of Russia, King William of Prussia, his son, the Crown Prince, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and the Sultan of Turkey are to be at the Paris Exposition during this month.

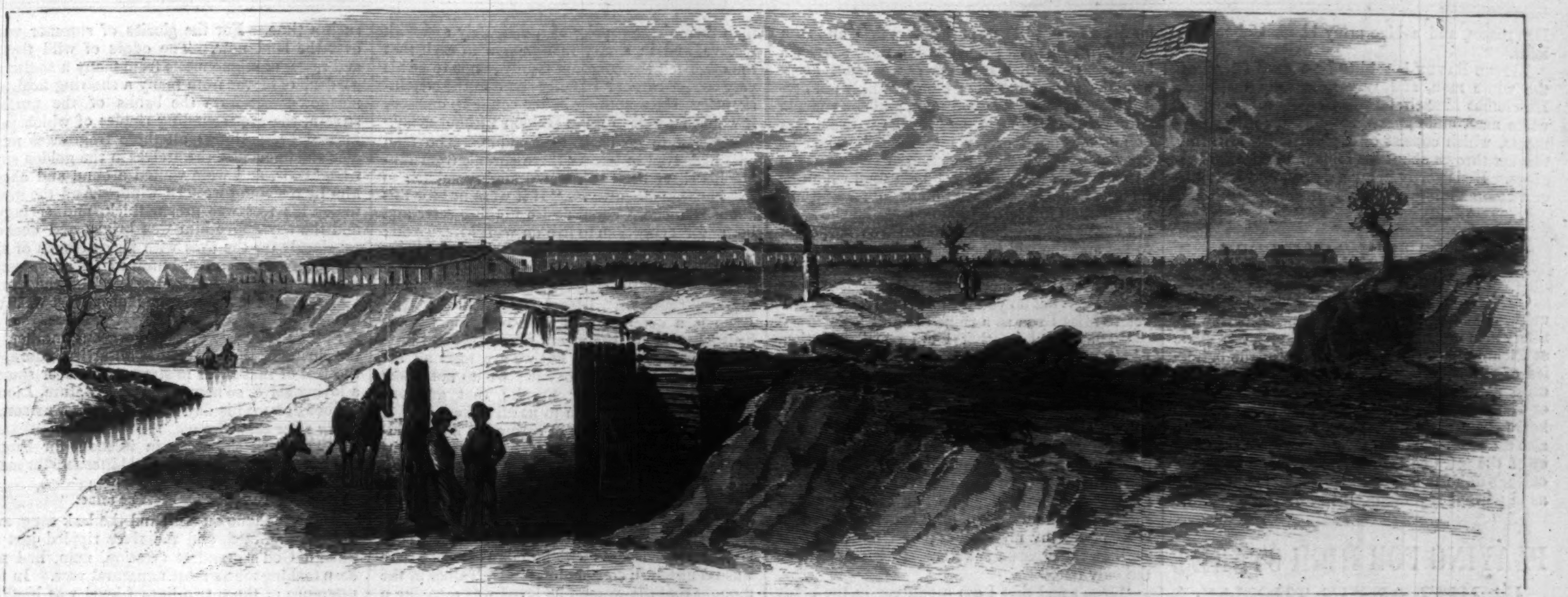
Garibaldi in a recent letter to the English Minister at Florence formally sets forth his title to the Governorship of Rome, to which office he states himself to have been elected by the Roman people in 1848–49, and from which he denies that he has ever been legally deposed. In the eyes of Garibaldi the Pope is a mere usurper, and his position as a temporal sovereign logically untenable.



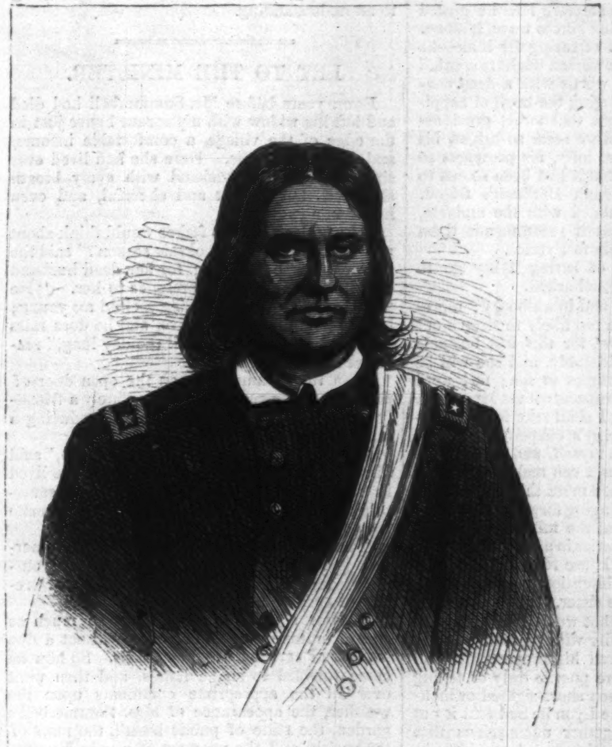
NEW UNIFORM OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.—Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.—[See Page 364.]



NEW REGULATION UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 358.]



FORT LARNED, KANSAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



SA-TAN-TI, CHIEF OF THE KIOWAS.

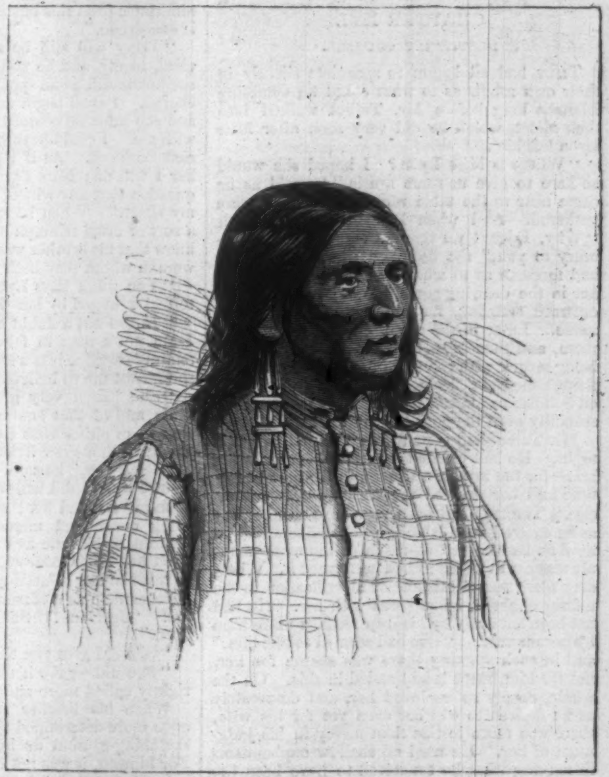
THE INDIAN WAR.

We continue this week our illustrations of the war in Kansas and Colorado, showing the operations of the troops under General W. S. Hancock.

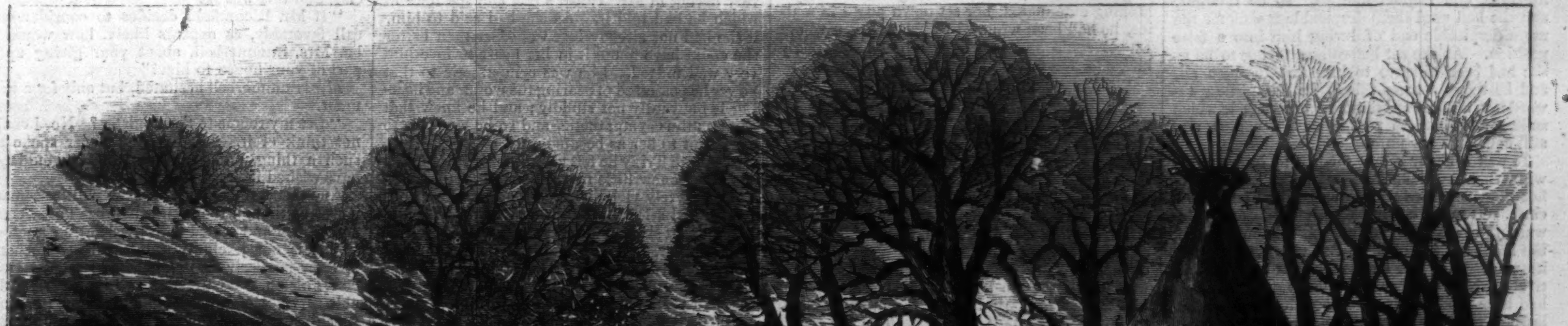
It will be remembered that, on the conclusion of the interview of April 15 between General Hancock and the Cheyennes at their village near Fort Larned, Kansas, the Indians abandoned their camp and fled westward. General Hancock occupied the village next day, declaring his intention to return it to them if they committed no depredation: otherwise to destroy it. General Custer was sent in pursuit of the Indians with orders to endeavor to induce them to return, or, failing in this, to prevent them from committing depredations on the "Smoky Hill Route." The Indians reached the road before the cavalry, killed some of the guards and station-masters, and burned the bodies. Upon the receipt of these facts General Hancock ordered General Smith to burn the village. The Lodges were taken down and thrown in piles, and the saddles and various minor articles found in an Indian village were thrown on top of these. The great quantity of fur and skins that were on the piles caused a great smoke that the Indians must have seen for many miles. Our engraving is a faithful delineation of the scene.

Fort Larned has been built for some years. Like most of the posts in the Indian country it consists of a number of mud-houses with badly-constructed defenses, consisting simply of breast-works. General Hancock has advised the removal of the post to a preferable location on the Bluffs, about a mile distant. The sketch is made from a point near the sutler's store.

Sa-tan-ti, the principal chief of the Kiowa Indians, and the most important character whom General Hancock has yet encountered, wears a Major-General's coat presented to him by General Hancock, a sash given him by General



LITTLE RAVEN, CHIEF OF THE ARAPAHOES.



BURNING THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE NEAR FORT LARNED, KANSAS, April 19, 1867.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

DAVIDSON, and a blue army blanket about his loins.

LITTLE RAVEN is said to be a good friend of the white man, and very peacefully disposed. He clothes himself more after the manner of a white man, and appears comfortable in his garments, which consist of a plaid shirt, an army blanket thrown about his loins, and elk skin leggings. He is portly in appearance, and has rather a commanding manner.

REGULATION ARTILLERY UNIFORM.

OUR engraving on page 356 represents the uniform adopted by the Government for the artillery arm of the service. The sketch was made at Richmond, Virginia, while one of the batteries of the Fifth United States Artillery was on dress-parade. The coat of the officers and jacket of the privates are a dark blue in color; the horse-hair plume of the hat is scarlet, as are also the ornaments and aiguillettes upon the jacket of the privates (the same decorations on the officer's uniform being of gold); and the trowsers, as in present regulation, are of light-blue cloth.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

BROTHERLY COUNSEL.

THEY had all begun to speculate silently in their own minds as to what could be detaining Blanche long before Mr. Talbot walked into their midst, which he did very soon after Miss Lyon left him.

"Where is Miss Lyon? I hoped she would be here to give us some music," he said as he came near to the table round which they were gathered. And when Beatrix had answered, "Why, Edgar! we thought she went to the library to you," the difficulty which Miss Lyon had foreseen as to what "would be thought of her in the drawing-room," was got over to all outward seeming, for no further remark was made. Later in the evening she came back to them, and then Mrs. Lyon insisted on their all being struck with the fact of Blanche looking as though she had a headache, and Mr. Talbot quoted Schiller to himself to the effect that "against stupidity even the gods fight in battle."

Mr. Talbot had gone through a hard task this night. He had pleaded earnestly—ardently for him—for the love of a woman in the face of fortune and her avowed preference for somebody else. The task had been very hard to him, but as he entered upon it after much deliberation, so now he had no self-reproachful thoughts about the manner in which he had performed it. Whatever there was of mistake or mortification in the matter ought to be and was with her. He had not been led away by his own feelings more than by her manner. "She had seemed to like him," and in such seeming there was shame for her, not for him, since it had ended in this. On the whole, deeply as he loved her, and desperately as he desired to win her even yet for his wife, there was more justice than mercy in his judgment of her. He used no shallow euphemisms in naming what he conceived to have been her conduct to himself. She had been guilty of the despicable guile of "tender artifice, and flattering lure, and feigned interest," so he thought, and she had used these despicable means for the more despicable end of luring him into a false position. As she sat before him trying to be as she had been hitherto to him and to them all, and he thought these things, he felt pitiless toward her, and toward that lax modern code which suffers a woman to pursue such a course, and still considers her pure.

It was a heavy secret for her to be weighted with, this knowledge which he had imparted to her that commercially his career had come to a close. It made her feel most pitifully tender toward the rest, and specially pitiful toward him, the luckless head of the house who had wrought its ruin. Her heart ached as she glanced furtively at him, and guessed what some of his hopes had been, and fathomed a good deal of the hopelessness that was his portion now. But she dared make no sign of such tenderness and pity, for she knew that did she do so the others would fall to wondering about the reason why she came to be better informed than they were, and he would misconstrue her again. So she sat and glanced furtively at him now and again, and wondered when he would be frank with the rest, and she would be free to speak some of the sympathy she felt.

The following day, long before he intended being led into it, the discussion of the subject was forced upon Edgar Talbot by circumstances. Contrary to his usual custom, he went away to the stable with the other two young men immediately after breakfast, instead of, as usual, shutting himself in the library, when Mr. Bathurst occupied himself, and strove to interest his guests, by enlarging on, and showing off, the beauties and excellences of three new riding horses. Soon Mr. Bathurst was away on one which was reputed to be a famous fencer, along a slip of turf whereon a few hurdles were put up for practice; and the two brothers, as they sauntered after him nominally to watch his progress, suddenly found themselves on the topic which had a fatal fascination for them both.

"That mare is too light for Bathurst," Edgar observed, as she visibly flagged on a space of marshy turf, and Lionel replied:

"He has an idea of giving her to Miss Lyon."

"Has he that? Then Trixy's chance is over, for Miss Lyon will accept the mare first, and then the man. She has played with a most shameful cleverness; until last night she did not know which of us stood to win; then I frankly put myself before her as a ruined man, and she enacted surprise and confusion, and made the usual plea of misconception of my intentions." Then he grew more bitter under the sting of being so soon superseded, as he imagined, by a man whom he regarded as something infinitely lighter and less worthy than himself, and added, "Blanche Lyon is a clever woman, but her tactics are transparent to me and she will repent them."

"God bless and prosper her, whatever they are!" Lionel interposed, heartily. "But you, Edgar! What do you mean by placing yourself before Miss Lyon as a ruined man?"

"That I did it—that I am one;" and then Lionel uttered an interjection, and then the whole story, at least as much of it as could be told, and was necessary to be known, was narrated by Mr. Talbot.

The elder brother did not put himself in the position of one who has erred, and repented before Lionel, "I did what I thought was best for the family, and my judgment has been proved faulty." He said when he had finished, "If I succeeded, you would all have benefited as largely as myself by my success; as I have failed, I shall be the greatest sufferer. I wish I could be the only one."

"Don't feel that I am a sufferer in the affair at all," Lionel said, feeling that he was called upon to say something. "Such plans as I have made will carry themselves out without let or hindrance from this business, save so far as Trixy is concerned."

"Trixy will still be my charge," Edgar replied, firmly, and he was very much the head of the house still as he spoke. "Trixy will be my charge. I shall begin at the foot of the ladder, and she must be content to take her stand there with me. I could have wished that she had married Bathurst. As it is, the best I can do for her I will do; Miss Lyon has put it out of the question that any wife of mine can interfere with my sister." When he said that he smiled with a sort of cruel triumph over himself, and Lionel knew that his brother was sorely wounded by this woman whom they both loved.

"You think Miss Lyon has given you reason to feel wronged by her decision?" he asked.

"I have not a doubt of it—not a doubt of it. I am not a man to falsely construe every little feminine artifice into a special flattery for myself; she meant me to believe what I did believe."

"She has a very gracious manner," Lionel said; and at that gentle protest against further censure of either Miss Lyon's motives or manner Edgar Talbot grew irritable.

"I tell you," he said, "that she meant me to believe what I did believe—that she would marry me if I asked her; she spurns the notion of being considered mercenary: but now—after seeming to like me as no other woman has suffered herself to seem within my experience—after this she has refused me, pleading her love for a richer man as a reason why she can not marry me. 'Gracious!' Such graciousness is devil-born."

"She did give you that reason?"

"She did—gave it out with what she herself rightly called more audacity than candor."

When his brother said that, Lionel Talbot once more determined that Algeria should be his sketching-ground during the ensuing autumn. For himself, it was not his habit to consider that any thing was owed to him on account of that "graciousness" of Blanche's. But for his brother! He was fain to acknowledge that if Edgar nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice, he had been wronged by this woman, whom Lionel could still only pray might know many blessings and much prosperity.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY-DREAM.

"SOONER or later they must know it all; so the sooner we come to an understanding with the women about all this the better," Edgar Talbot said to his brother when they found themselves at the extreme end of the slip, with Mr. Bathurst so far in advance of them as to justify them in no longer feigning an interest in his performances with the bay mare he designed for his cousin. Mr. Talbot, as it will be seen, did in no way seek to involve any other than himself in the tangle of wrecked fortune and strained responsibility in which he was caught. Still he did find it a slight "something to lean upon," that knowledge he had that in the coming explanation Lionel would be near to aid him verbally, at any rate.

"Sooner or later they must know it all, therefore the sooner the better," Lionel answered, and in that answer there was a touch more of poetical feeling than of sound common-sense. For a time—say only for a few days—matters might with safety have stood where they were. No one could be benefited by any immediate and absolute declaration of the necessity for a complete change, and it was well within the bounds of possibility that some might be worsted by it. "Trixy will be my charge still—that, of course; but she must rough it. When she came to me I hoped to give her a good establishment until she gained one for herself. Now all that is at an end; still she is my charge, and I shall fulfill it."

"You will let me help you?" the younger brother asked.

"No. As things have turned out, I can take no man's help with regard to Trixy. I, who have done her the injury through my over-zeal, must be the one to make her amends; besides, she would still be within sound and sight of that fellow, if she cast in her lot with you, and she, like me, will be better away from them altogether."

Then the brothers spoke of Trixy's too evident love for the man who loved Blanche Lyon better than their sister—spoke of it delicately and with reserve, and in a way that proved to each that the other felt the common family honor to be his very tender care, and finally came to the conclusion that, since nothing better could be devised, it would be well to leave Haldon without delay.

But not to go back to London. The man who had lived in luxury there shrank from taking his sister back to some draughty suburb to live in cheap obscurity. "If it were not for this about Blanche, I could desire nothing safer and better for Trixy than to live on with Mrs. Lyon; but that will hardly do now—Trixy could not stand it."

"Neither of the girls could stand it, if Blanche marries Bathurst," Lionel suggested. "Miss Lyon is a quick-sighted woman, and a tender-hearted woman; she would never agree to testing poor Trixy cruelly; but we are, after all, arguing on insufficient grounds; we do not know that Blanche cares for Frank; that gracious manner of hers is shown to us all alike."

"She made no secret of caring for him," Edgar replied, emphatically; "she spoke as plainly as a woman can speak; far more plainly than a woman ought to speak." Then he bent his head down and brooded over the words she had uttered, and was as sick at heart in his angry outspoken love and wrath as was Lionel, whose hopes had been raised with far more cause. There was no unselfish consolation to Mr. Talbot in the thought that the woman he loved was escaping a black, barren-looking fate by refusing to marry him. He had a theory that such love as was his to give was all-sufficient to brighten the darkest road to any woman. Therefore now he girded against Blanche for leaving him to travel it alone.

"She made no secret of caring for him—she spoke more plainly than a woman ought to speak." Lionel listened to these words with a deep conviction that they were ringing the knell of happiness for him. Last night that sweet graciousness of hers made his future seem so bright, his work so noble, his aim so lofty, his prospects so many! Now he knew that it had been shown to him because he was Frank Bathurst's friend. Many women being imbued with the amiable, though weak notion, that it recommends them to Damon to be agreeable to Pythias.

"Have you thought of letting Trixy go to Marian for a time?" Lionel asked.

"Not while I'm alive and in authority; moreover, Marian will not be too likely to stretch out a helping hand just now, for this last business has dipped Sutton considerably, and she will be sure to attribute his reverses to me; no! until her daughter's altered prospects causes Mrs. Lyon to take a gorgeous tone I shall take it for granted that she remains Trixy's chaperon. I shall get into harness at once myself, and then I shall know what arrangements I can make for them."

Then Lionel urged once more that they should stand or fall together, bringing forward, in support of his claim to help, that the mistress he served rewarded her honest votaries in a right royal way; and still the head of the house refused the cadet's claim, and declared his intention manfully of sufficing to himself and his sister.

But although Mr. Talbot would share this actual practical responsibility with no man, so long as it could be considered his property, he still did shrink from the more puerile duty of telling his sister that he had been short-sighted or luckless rather. To Blanche Lyon he had told it out boldly—not being altogether unconscious that there was something inspiring and touching in the manner of his telling it. Blanche Lyon was very much endowed with the love of all that is chivalric and daring, and there was something very daring in Mr. Talbot's tale and the tone in which he had told it. As she had said to him, if she had not already loved another man better she could have found it in her heart to love him very well indeed. She was sympathetic to that power he possessed of bearing the worst, and bearing it buoyantly not stolidly; and he knew that she was thus sympathetic, and so he was able to speak out to her as became a man.

But with Trixy he felt very differently. Truth to tell, he knew little more of his sister than that she had lovely violet eyes, and a large luxurious figure, and a lady-like bearing that entitled him to hope that she would marry very well. He was proud of her, to a certain degree he was fond of her, but he was not at all acquainted with the tone of her character or the turn of her mind. She had been a delightful sister to him while he had been well off, and hoping to be still better off. But whether or not she had it in her to hear of such a reverse as he had to tell her of without looking crushed and reproachful he did not know.

So it was borne in upon him, partly by reason of his selfishness, and partly out of that natural dislike to the sight of tears which most men have, that it would be well for him to so far avail himself of that offer of fraternal service which Lionel had made, as to make the latter the messenger of evil to Trixy. "As you were saying, the sooner they all know it now the better," he remarked. "I don't mind your telling Trixy this morning; we shall not go back to Victoria Street; if she has a preference for any particular part of the country it will be as well that I should know it before we leave here, and then I may manage it for her."

"The telling will come better from you, I fancy," Lionel replied, in all simplicity, not because he shirked the unpleasant duty, but because he really thought that it would be better for Edgar to receive the solace of Trixy's sorrow and sympathy with him at first hand. Then Mr. Talbot, being too proud and stubborn to ask a second time directly for what he had indirectly attempted to bring about, said, "Perhaps you are right," and went back to Haldon in no pleasant mood.

He left Lionel still leaning against the hurdle at one end of the slip, dreaming a day-dream—a dream that was incongruous in such a place at such a time. For the glories of summer were over the land now. The odors of wild thyme and roses, of mignonnette from many a sheltered garden, of clover from many a shelving field, of meadow-sweet from the banks of the purling stream, the ever-sounding ripples of which permeated every thing; all these fragrances mingled and intensified themselves in the golden sun-fraught air, and were wafted around and about him by a sighing western wind. And the grass under his feet was green, thick, and springy; and the sky above him was bright and decked graciously for the eyes with fleecy clouds of silver gray; and the bee hummed an accompaniment to the air the stream sang; and the world was as full of beauty as the man's heart was full of care.

So in the bosom of that gorgeous mother, at the shrine of the god whom all artists adore, at the feet of that royal mistress who never spurns a loving slave, so here alone with Nature, Lionel Talbot dreamt his day-dream, and it was something after this wise:

"The spell she wove in idleness for Frank she has wrought in reality and bitterness for me.

"'No woman's love shall light on me,
No woman's heart be mine.'"

The sun shone on still, and the lark sang, and the bee hummed, and the river rippled just as though God's grandest creation, man, had not been making man's most unnatural vow. In the utterance of those two lines Lionel was binding himself to celibacy in the event of Blanche Lyon marrying any other than himself. Meanwhile Blanche Lyon and Frank Bathurst were coming to an understanding.

LET TO THE MINISTER.

FOUR years before Mr. Summerbell had died and left his widow with a pleasant house just in the edge of the village, a comfortable income, and three small boys. Here she had lived ever since, missing her husband with every breath she drew, but patient and cheerful, and even happy in a calm way.

"I wonder what his father would think about my sending Will to school this season?" said the widow to her own heart; for her dead husband was still a person and a presence to her. "He was never in favor of sending a child *too* young; but then Will is going on five, and he does miss Fred and Frank *so* much all the day long," reasoned the anxious mother.

Then there came a tap on the open door of the wide sitting-room, and immediately a friendly foot sounded on the threshold introducing a large, comfortable-looking man.

"Oh, Deacon Folsom! Good-afternoon," said Mrs. Summerbell. So you may know she lived in that part of the world where it takes something more than morning and evening to make the day.

"Good-afternoon, Madam—Mrs. Summerbell, good-afternoon! How do you find yourself to-day, and how are the little fellows?" returned Deacon Folsom, impressively.

He was a man who could not so much as sneeze or take a drink of water without a due amount of ceremony and emphasis. So now he came forward to shake hands, and then went over all the appropriate comments upon the weather, the appearance of Mrs. Summerbell's garden, the state of public health, the news of the parish, and the prospect of war in Europe, before he came by regular sequence to the point where he felt he could properly introduce his errand. At last it came out, measured and precise, and this was it:

"If Mr. Bloomfield decides to consider our call favorably, as appears likely, how would it be, Mrs. Summerbell, about your giving up a part of your house to him?"

Mrs. Summerbell hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Let my rooms to the minister? No, I could not think of it. My husband never spoke of such a thing, and I am certain he would not have wished it."

And then, mild and meek as her nature seemed, it was as though the matter had been answered, and signed and sealed with the King's signet.

"It is not likely your late worthy husband foresaw precisely this exigency," resumed Deacon Folsom. "Our success in procuring the able services of Mr. Bloomfield seems, humanly speaking, to depend on your renting these rooms, which you will certainly admit you can spare as well as not in your large house with your small family. There is really no other house at a convenient distance where Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield can be comfortably accommodated, considering Mrs. Bloomfield is such an invalid."

But it was as though the good Deacon had tried to turn back Niagara with a canoe paddle. Mrs. Summerbell, who was clinging and yielding and easily entreated as any woman under the stars, had dug up from the store-house of her memory a chance remark of her dead husband to the effect that "no roof was wide enough to cover two families," and upon this she pitched her tent. So the Deacon was obliged to leave, frustrated, disappointed, and sadly put out in his dignified way. But the next mail made it all right—if two wrongs ever did make a right—for there came a letter from the Rev. Mr. Bloomfield, saying the health of his beloved wife, for whose sake he was purposing to leave his parish by the sea, had so suddenly and sadly declined that leaving would be of no use and only give unnecessary fatigue to the invalid.

Then Mrs. Summerbell had rest, and the Meadows pulpit was supplied, as it had been before, by the Deacon, and occasionally by migratory ministers, with now and then an unsatisfactory candidate. So the summer bloomed itself on; and while the roses were in their prime news came that Mrs. Bloomfield had passed away from the earth. At hearing of his boundless loss kind-hearted Mrs. Summerbell gave the desolate husband a few thoughts and tears of sympathy, and then went on washing little faces and sewing little jackets, with her peaceful smile and her sad content.

At last summer lost itself in autumn, and autumn, sighing for winter, brought in its train, along with late pears and early frosts, a rumor that Mr. Bloomfield had, worn out by the loneliness and loss which he could not forget on the spot where his wife sickened and died, resigned his pastorate at Leeds, and was ready to accept any suitable invitation from some other parish.

"So it appears we are likely to hear what kind of a preacher Mr. Bloomfield is after all," said Miss Pim, leaning over Mrs. Summerbell's garden-fence, with a new calico gown on and a clean starched sun-bonnet.

Miss Pim, who went out at day's-work, and felt she conferred a great favor by doing so on whoever she assisted (I dare say she *did* too), acted the part of village newspaper in absence of any other; and what she said could generally be literally depended on, for she was distinguished for crystal truth, although she sometimes related facts a little before they happened, as now, when Deacon Folsom, as chairman of the society's committee, had hardly made up his mind whether to send a letter of invitation or not. But Miss Pim knew well enough how his uncertainty would end, and, as ever, she was quite correct. The letter *was* sent, and Mr. Bloomfield, having been foreordained to go to Meadows, went, although the deluded man sincerely believed that the decision between there and Haddam hung in the balance for a night and a day, and the weight of a snip of thread might have turned it either way. But finally it was decreed that he should go to Meadows, and that he should finally go to board with the family of Dr. Dangler, who lived only next door, across two gardens, from Mrs. Summerbell.

Then oh how discreet was the widow! And how melancholy was the minister in spite of his Christian faith and hope!

Winter passed, and

"Spring came loitering up that way."

The dandelions popped open their bright eyes, and the meadows grew yellow with butter-cups. And now every morning before the sun had fairly waked the new day Fred and Frank, and so, of course, Will Summerbell, went to take Dr. Dangler's cow to pasture half a mile beyond the village along with their own. And very often the minister, who always took a walk before breakfast, joined them. So at last they came to expect him, and became the best friends in town. Then the little innocents went home and talked about him.

"Mother, the minister knows about making kites, and he said he would help me fix mine. Isn't he kind?" said Fred.

"He is going to make me a little boat some time; he told me so," cried Frank.

"And me a whistle, mother—me a whistle," added Will.

"I hope you don't make yourselves troublesome to the minister, my dears," replied the mother.

"Oh no, ma'am, we don't! He says he would be very glad if he had three such boys of his own; and he says the hour with us is the happiest time in his whole day," answered Fred.

"He would be real lonesome if it weren't for us; he really said so, mother," added Frank.

"And there is nobody in this world he loves better than me and Frank and Fred! He said that too," cried Will.

The Summerbell boys always did the same things, and if one spoke they all spoke. Indeed, the neighbors always named them collectively, saying, "Fred and Frank and Will" in speaking either of one or of the three.

And now the tender heart of the sympathetic widow was brimming with pity for the lonely man who had not even the comfort and company of children in his bereavement.

"Surely his sorrow is greater than mine," thought she, with tears in her gentle eyes.

One morning very early, as she was thinning out her lettuce without hearing or seeing any one, she suddenly felt some human presence near so consciously that she raised her head; and behold there was the minister leaning against the wooden fence in Miss Pim's old place.

"Good-morning!" said he. And as he lifted his hat and smiled she noticed for the first time what handsome eyes he had.

"There is something about them which remind me of my husband's. It must be in expression, for Mr. Bloomfield's are gray and Edward's were black," she mused. And she mused all day.

In the evening he passed again with his handsome gray eyes; and seeing Mrs. Summerbell transplanting strawberry plants, her three boys about her with their feet on her dress and under her trowel in their eagerness to help, stopped again with the same cordial half-sad smile, and this time he said:

"Do you know, Mrs. Summerbell, it would be a real kindness to allow me to help your little boys about your garden work? I am accustomed to such exercise, and miss it exceedingly now."

Of course the discreet widow, living in a world of tongues, did not allow it; but this showed his kindness of heart, now did it not?

At last currants were ripe, then strawberries and cherries, and, finally, early apples—red-coated Astrachans and great yellow-boughs.

"I don't know whether any body has got eyes but myself, but I have seen how the thing was going for some time. Between their pity for each other, and their fondness for those boys, the minister and the widow Summerbell are falling in love with each other just as though they weren't out of their teens," said Miss Pim at Deacon Folsom's, where she had gone to help can fruit.

"Is *that so*, Miss Pim?" ejaculated the Deacon, astonished for once out of form and ceremony.

"You may rely upon it, and it will be a match too, and a good one besides, as sure as my name is Betsey Pim," replied the spinster, with three little nods, each one a great deal wiser than its predecessor.

Now as it happened Mrs. Deacon Folsom had a sister with a withered hand, a lame foot, and as much brain as you could buy for a dime, whose chief occupation was to hear, to see, and to tell. Therefore, on catching this choice bit, she at once put on her green calash, and, taking her hooked-handled umbrella for a staff, started off, like the meddling old parrot she was, to tell of it. And first of all she hobbled into Mrs. Summerbell's, where the widow herself sat with a clove-pink fastened in the bow at her throat, which brightened up the lilac ribbons amazingly. She was singing in a soft, happy voice—

"The Lord into His garden comes;
The spices breathe a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive—"

but broke off the hymn to rise and put a chair for her visitor, with a smile of neighborly welcome. Not that she was pleased particularly, for nobody was or ever could be to see Polly Blake; but her heart was soft and warm with pity for all the Lord's unfortunates.

"Are you pretty well to-day, Miss Blake?" she asked, cordially.

"Well enough, far's I know," returned Miss Blake, snuffing fiercely, according to a delicate habit she had. Then she went on, hardly stopping long enough to count four.

"So you are thinking of changing your situation, Mrs. Summerbell? Well, I s'pose it is nobody's business so't you and the minister are suited; but it's never struck me, somehow, as though I could bring my mind to be married to more than *one* man."

Mrs. Summerbell opened her eyes and dropped her work in horror and dismay. When she had thought of avoiding gossip and scandal it had never been such as *this*. Her innocent brain, which was full of thoughts of and love for her dead husband, had never consciously taken in the suggestion of even the *rumor* of a successor. And now the idea being sprung upon her so suddenly and vulgarly, she felt fairly faint with the shock and affright. But before she had time to open her mouth for a word of reply three small hurricanes burst into the room, named respectively Fred, Frank, and Will. As they made her aware of their existence by cries and whoops and prancings the involuntary thought rushed into her mind that the boys, at their time of life, *did* need a father. Then she blushed to think she had the thought; and before her face was fairly cool and she had quieted the children, just home hungry from school, Miss Blake started up.

"Buffum's come and I must go!" she cried, pointing through the window at a baker's cart which was passing. "Buffum promised to bring along some of those little wine biscuits next time he came, and Folsom's folks won't never think of them if I am not there to see to it."

So, thus broken up from any further newsmongery, Miss Polly hurried off home as fast as her two feet and her umbrella would carry her, leaving a thorn of the first magnitude among Mrs. Summerbell's roses.

"Can it be possible such a foolish story is afloat?" queried Mrs. Summerbell of her wedding-ring.

Of course it was; for Polly Blake had not imagination enough to invent it.

"Ah well, I must see to it that the minister's usefulness among the people is not impaired by any such idle talk."

So the curtain was dropped, and she was not to be seen any where up stairs, down stairs, or in the lady's chamber, when Mr. Bloomfield passed in his usual evening walk. And the very next day, leaving Miss Pim in charge of the house and children, Mrs. Summerbell went off in the stage to visit her brother at Slate, determined to stay away until the idle rumor had time to die the death of neglect. Then she would go back and be, oh! so circumspect.

But what do you think? She had not been gone three days when a letter followed her from Mr. Bloomfield, who was beginning to find out for himself, having "come to forty year," that there is not for any man, necessarily, during his whole life, a *one* and an *only*. He was finding also Meadows even more lonely than Leeds, and if she did not forbid him he should follow the letter in two days.

Worse and worse! That would never do! Just think of the effect on "the cause!" A visit would be more positive and conspicuous than staying at home and bowing across the fence now and then. Besides, there was no time to send a letter forbidding him to come, and if there was, what a talk the sight of it would make at the Meadows post-office! Yes, she must go home at once, and live down the scandal as fast as possible.

So she took the stage for home, a little glad in the depths of her treacherous heart to go—glad to see her boys, you know. She arrived at her own door just in the early twilight, and found the house empty. Miss Pim had run across the gardens to sit an hour with old Mrs. Dangler, the Doctor's mother, who was very deaf, and insisted on having all the news and small-talk of the town dropped word by word into the mouth-piece of her ear-trumpet. So Miss Pim, being thus charitably engaged, did not see the stage stop; and Mrs. Summerbell, after glancing with the eye of a householder around the rooms, was sitting and rocking in her low sewing-chair full of the gladness and content of being at home once more, when there came a patter and a clatter across the porch and in at the half-open door. Then there was a triumphant cry: "Mother has got home! mother has got home! Mr. Bloomfield, come and see mother! She is here! she is here!" And immediately he came, and there he was right before her.

Of course Mrs. Summerbell could not open conversation by telling him with what formal respect she meant to treat him thenceforth, but, fortified by a son at each side and one in her lap, she felt she might and must continue for that once her usual gentle cordiality: postponing for a little the mortifying of the flesh, which she feared might come to be her duty, by telling him that his usefulness, which was beginning to be so sensibly felt, must not be injured by any suspicion of partiality for one parishioner over another. She had even prepared a little speech in her mind, to say; but before there had seemed to come a good time to say it the conversation somehow drifted out their dead, and Mr. Bloomfield was telling her all about the last days of Mrs. Bloomfield's life and the first days of his great loss. There were many circumstances quite alike in the particulars of the bereavement of each; and when Miss Pim fluttered in, more by moonlight than daylight, it was to find them "sorrowing together in company," with tears in their four eyes, and the little boys asleep, their heads leaned against their mother.

The very next day Mrs. Summerbell went into Squire Slosson's store to pay for a barrel of flour, and there she saw Dr. Dangler, Deacon Folsom, and Deacon Proudfoot, in earnest discussion with the Squire. They looked so conscious on seeing her that she at once grew conscious also; and it seemed quite in keeping with what she might have expected, when, after one or two whispers and a decided nod, Deacon Folsom, mindful as ever of the importance of his position as chairman of the society's committee, said, in his most business tone:

"Mrs. Summerbell, may we trouble you to step into the back-store a moment, where we shall not be liable to interruption, while we speak to you respecting a matter of much importance to us as a church and society?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Summerbell, feeling as though she was Lady Jane Grey on her Way to the Scaffold.

The back-store, filled with barrels of flour, molasses, and kerosene, with dried codfish and kits of pickled salmon and mackerel, butter boxes, eggs, nails, and onions, wasn't much of a bower of roses.

"Be seated, Mrs. Summerbell—be seated!" said Deacon Folsom, bringing forward a broken-backed chair, with an air worthy the master of the ceremonies at Bath.

But Mrs. Summerbell refused to sit, only leaned against a sack of paper rags, and Deacon Proudfoot, who was an abrupt, outspoken man, began, plunging into the heart of the subject, while Deacon Folsom would have been making an introductory bow:

"There has been a good deal of talk about you and the minister, and we thought we, as Church Committee, would just ask you if there is any thing in it or likely to be," he said.

Mrs. Summerbell felt like a chicken picked out of its shell by well-meaning fingers before its time had come; but bracing herself by putting one hand on a chest of the strongest kind of green tea, she replied:

"No, indeed! I would be as far as either of you from wishing to do any thing to weaken the present interesting state of feeling in our society toward the minister and his work. Besides, I have never had any proposals from him."

You wouldn't have supposed Mrs. Summerbell could have looked so much like Joan of Arc as she did at that moment, her face fairly sublime with self-sacrifice and heroic courage.

"Nevertheless, because you never *have* had is no security you never *will* have," replied Dr. Dangler, who knew something of the anatomy of the heart in the way of his profession.

Mrs. Summerbell was fast growing indignant. It was rude of the Doctor—positively an unjustifiable interference in what was none of his business. He had no right to talk to her in that manner if he was a committeeman, and she told him so.

"If you fear that Mr. Bloomfield is about to do any thing so foolish—" she said.

"So foolish?" exclaimed the trio.

"You had better speak to him. I am not responsible for what he *may* do. He has never spoken of marriage to me, nor have I ever encouraged him to do so."

"But you will hereafter?" queried the blunt Doctor, abruptly.

"Doctor Dangler!" exclaimed the widow, blushing with excitement, "you—you—you are cruel, Sir. You are insulting—"

"No, no, my dear Madam—I—I—" apologetically began the Doctor, wiping his forehead with a red and yellow bandanna, and actually blushing at the predicament in which his bluntness had involved the Committee.

The methodical Deacon Folsom came to the rescue.

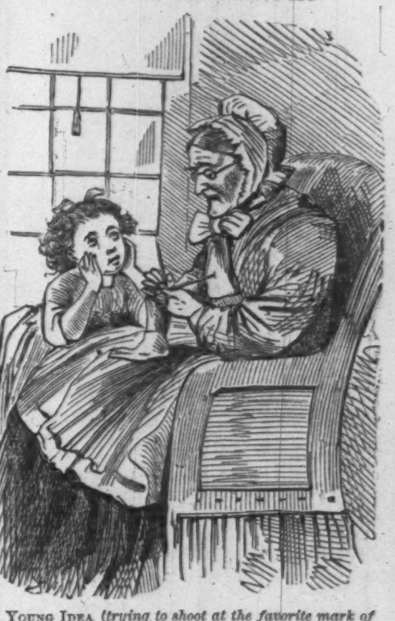
"We had thought, Mrs. Summerbell," he began—"we had thought that Mr. Bloomfield *might* conclude to make, if he had not already made, such a proposal to you; and we thought it well to say, if you will permit us and not misconstrue our motives—perhaps we have not been overdelicate—but in case such a proposal *is* made you, the people generally as well as the Church Committee will be particularly pleased and gratified if you will—accept it."

This was the time when the old back-store turned into a bower—when lilies blossomed out of coils of rope and coal-oil turned into atter of roses. Mrs. Summerbell went home in a car drawn by white doves and was met at the gate by three little Cupids, whom she kissed dozens of times and loved with all her heart, they looked so sweet.

And when the minister came in that evening she looked so sweet herself that the consequence was they were engaged in fifteen minutes.

So the chairman of the Church Committee had his way, and Mrs. Summerbell let her house to the minister after all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Young Idea (*trying to shoot at the favorite mark of the sex*). "Grandma, do they make men like they do stockings?"

Grandmamma. "Why no, child! What absurd questions you ask!"

Young Idea. "Well, what made you say this morning that Major Skittles was such a well-knit man?"

A Full Stop.—Dr. Cumming has just published a book called *The Last Woe.* After this *woh* we hope he will pull up.

Con.—By an April Fool.—Why is wet weather more pleasant than dry?—Because it is more in-doorable.

"ANY ONE WILL DO."

A maiden once, of certain age,
To catch a husband did engage;
But, having passed the prime of life
In striving to become a wife,
Without success, she thought it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint, and such like, for resource,
With all her might, this ancient maid,
Beneath an oak-tree knelt, and prayed;
Unconscious that a grave old owl
Was perched above—the mousing fowl!

"Oh, give! a husband give!" she cried,
"While yet I may become a bride.
Soon will my day of grace be o'er,
And then, like many maids before,
I'll die without an early love,
And none to meet me there above!

"Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear!
Then answer this, my humble prayer,
And, oh! a husband give to me!"
Just then the owl, from out the tree,
In deep bass tones, cried, "Who—who—who?"
"Who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who?
Why, any one, good Lord, will do!"

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

As Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first catch him. Having done so, proceed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand), place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; cover him over with affection, kindness, and subjection; garnish with modest, becoming familiarity; and let kisses and other confectioneries be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. I would advise all good wives to try this receipt, and realize how admirable a husband is when properly cooked. I have found it answer with mine, who is now a duck of a husband.

NECK AND OTHER TIES.

Prettiest neck-tie for a lady—the arms of her baby.

For the Melancholy,	Jolli—tie.
For the Poor,	Plen—tie.
For the Dull,	Varie—tie.
For the Solitary,	Socie—tie.
For the Mean,	Liberali—tie.
For the Inebriate,	Sobrie—tie.
And for the Sinful,	Pie—tie.

Wanted to Know—The color of the mind's eye? The flavor of the cup of bitterness? The size of a piece of chalk? The weight of a load of sorrow? Is it murder to drown your sorrows, or to kill time? Is it bigamy for a married man to become wedded to his opinions? Is it desertion of family for a man to forsake his evil ways? Is it suicide if you bury yourself in thought, or smother yourself in grief?

A young lady of Montgomery, who was recently caught smoking a cigar, gave it as her reason for the act, "that it made it smell as though there was a man around."

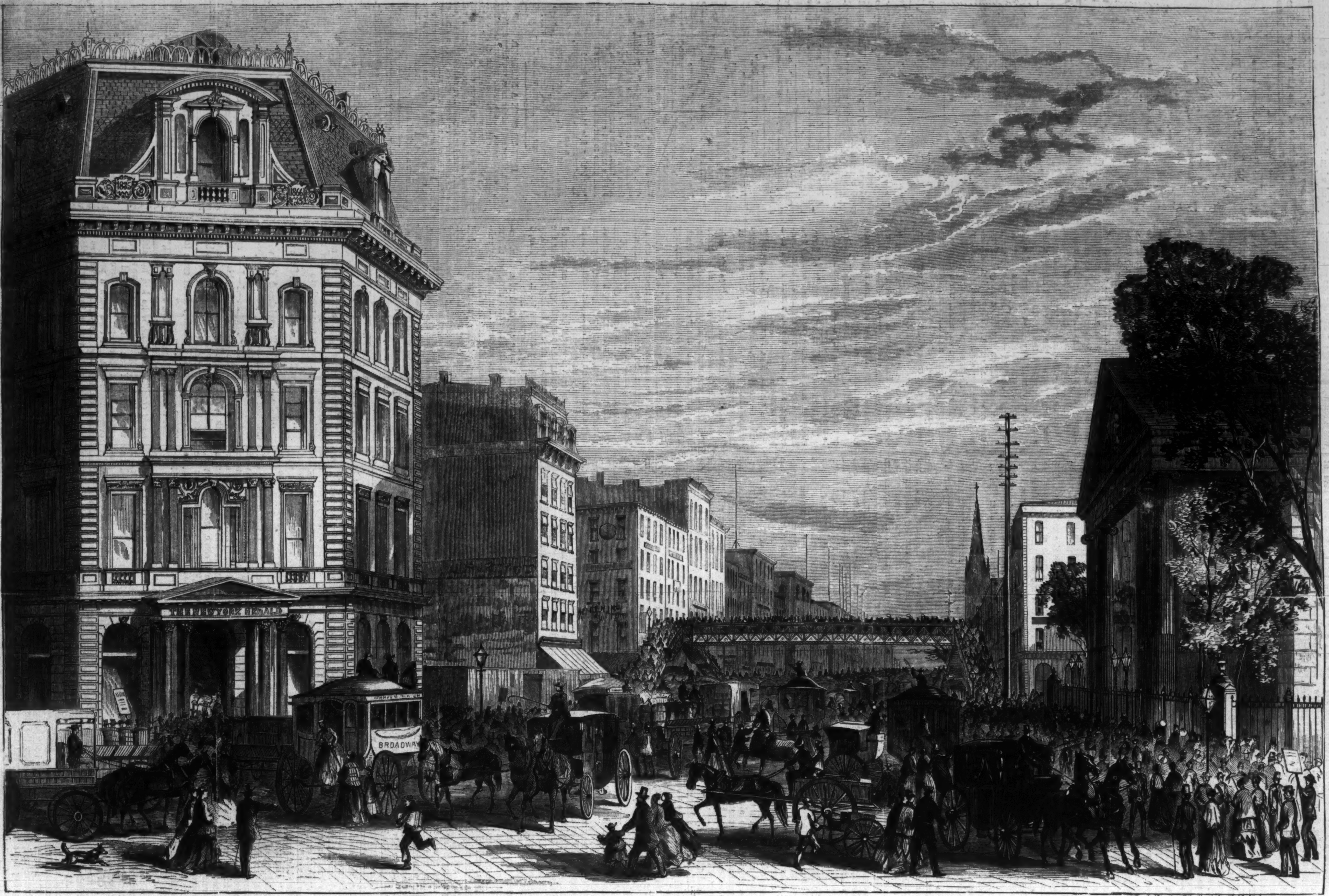
ON LADIES' LETTERS.

A great many loves, and a great many dears;
A great many hopes, and a great many fears;
A great many tender, *most* tender adieus,
Mixed up with a great deal of nonsense and news;
A great many postscripts, some long and some short,
To prove that the writer is fruitful in thought.

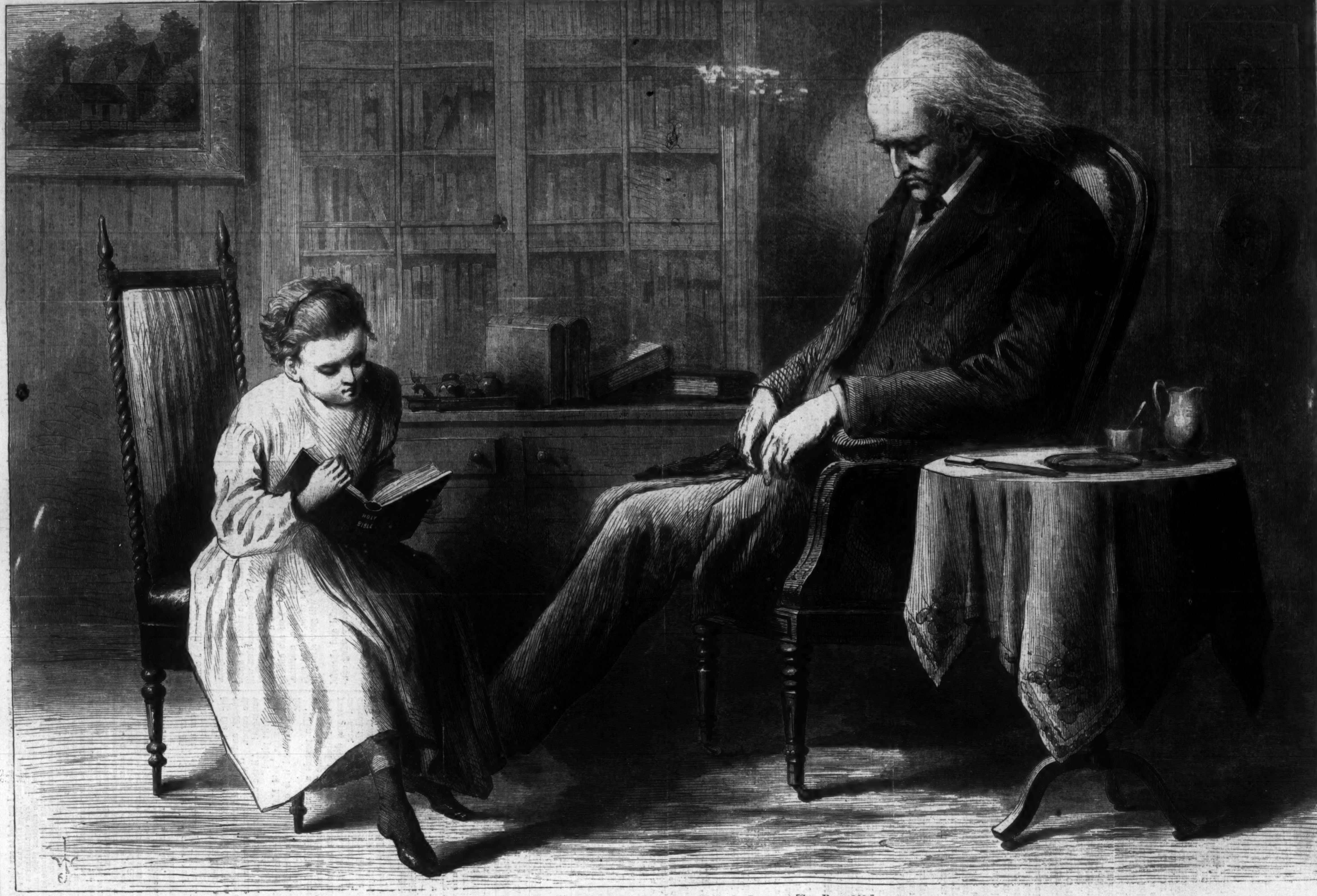
Socrates used to say to his friends that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never-ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own doors that the crosses he met elsewhere were light to him.

Another New Fashion.—We see it stated that "a new fashion in ladies' bonnets has made its appearance—the long ribbons which depend from them down the back being fitted at the ends with little gold bells." This is a tolerably broad hint on the part of the ladies. They wish those who are after them to know that they have no settled objection to a ring.

Arithmetical.—If two apples make one pair, how many pears will eight apples make?


THE NEW YORK HERALD
BROADWAY

THE LEOW BRIDGE ACROSS BROADWAY, AT FULTON STREET, AND THE NEW HERALD BUILDING.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE BLINDMAN'S DARLING.—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

THE BLINDMAN'S DARLING.

We present our readers this week with another of the happy conceptions of Mr. W. S. L. Jewett, drawn and executed in his admirable manner. The picture needs no legend to explain it; the artistic reader will discover its many excellences, while the thoughtful reader will find much food for thought.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book I.

CHAPTER XI.

PROJECTS.

Trouble, indeed, had come to Jessamine Cottage, and the suddenness of the blow had nearly overwhelmed the newly bereaved widow.

It is true that Mrs. Saxelby had felt no passionate love for her husband; but she had clung to him with confidence; and hers was a nature that suffered acutely from the wrenching away of any support. She had been grateful to Mr. Saxelby for his love for her, for his protection, and for the release he had afforded her from a dull, oppressive tyranny in taking her away from the old woman whose humble companion she had been when he married her. Then, too, she felt that her worldly position would now be a very precarious one, and that the comfortable ease in which she had been living for these five years past must give place to care and poverty. It was in a dumb, unacknowledged way that this thought lay in her mind; and she would have repudiated with anger the idea that such considerations weighed with her at such a moment. Nevertheless the considerations were there.

All Mabel's care at present was to soothe and comfort her mother as much as possible. Friendly services were not wanting to them. The family at Bramley Manor were kind in word and deed. So were several directors of the company in whose employ Mr. Saxelby had been so long. Mr. Charlewood himself relieved the widow from all the sad and depressing details of the last ceremony that mortality can claim from its fellow-creatures. But then came the time—perhaps the hardest to bear—when blind grief could no longer be indulged and excused; when the shutters must be unbolted and the windows opened wide, and light and air let in once more upon the dark, desolate rooms; and the noises of the outside world must come jarring in upon the silence; and when the hushed speech and noiseless tread of friends and servants must give place to the ordinary busy sounding traffic of life. If God's world would only mourn with her, thought Mrs. Saxelby; if the sun would cease from shining, and the birds from chirping, and the dry autumn leaves from dancing in the eddying dust; if a soft, perpetual twilight would reign in the sky, and a soft perpetual hush upon the earth; then her grief would not be so hard to bear, nor her desolation seem so out of tune with the importunate life around her. But this could not be. Gradually, as was inevitable, she was roused from the lethargy of sorrow, and began to feel that the blood still ran in her veins, and that for her, as for the rest of humanity, Time's touch could heal as well as wound.

Mr. Saxelby had saved in his bachelor days, but not so much as many of his acquaintances had expected and believed. It is hard to say why they should have imagined him to have laid by any considerable sum of money, seeing that his salary was not large, and that its amount was pretty well known to all his acquaintances. Since his marriage he had lived up to his income; but he had insured his life for a sum which, judiciously invested, would realize about forty pounds a year. Besides this, there was the long lease of a little cottage and garden a mile or two out of Hammerham; and there were a few shares in the gas company whose clerk he had been.

Mr. Saxelby left a will bequeathing every thing of which he died possessed absolutely to his widow. His executors were Mr. Charlewood and the Reverend Decimus Fluke.

These gentlemen were sitting one evening about a week after the funeral in the little room which Mrs. Saxelby had been accustomed to consider her own especial domain. It was quite dark. The shutters were closed, and the muslin curtains were drawn across them. A bright fire blazed in the grate, and the lamp, carefully shaded—for Mrs. Saxelby's eyes were weak with weeping and could not endure a glare of light—stood on a little table behind her arm-chair. Mr. Charlewood had taken his place on the sofa opposite to the widow, and sat there with his legs crossed, and his hands spread out on the centre-table before him, as he explained to her the position of her worldly affairs, and emphasized each paragraph of his discourse by gently raising his outspread palms and letting them fall again.

Mr. Fluke, whose vivacious energy seldom permitted him to be still for two minutes together, stood with his back to the fire, and his hands beneath his coat-tails: a position which he constantly varied by sticking his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, playing with his heavy gold watch-chain, or rubbing his fingers through his hair until it stood upright from his forehead. Mr. Fluke was a large, squarely-built man, rather over the middle height, with thick features, a ruddy face, and light, widely-opened blue eyes, which recalled his eldest daughter's eyes in the intensity and directness of their stare. He was loud of voice, dictatorial and absolute in manner, but a conscientious, earnest man withal; not without kindness of heart, though a little dull in intellect. He was a man who might even have been gentle on occasions, if he could by any possibility have conceived the existence in any body of a nervous system less robust than his own.

"It is, of course, a bare subsistence, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood; "but I think we have done the best that could be done under the circumstances."

"Quite the best we could do, according to our lights, Mrs. Saxelby," Mr. Fluke put in, shifting his balance from one leg to the other, and bumping his shoulder violently two or three times against the marble mantle-piece. "We have meted with a just measure, as far as it was given unto us so to do."

"I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Saxelby, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "that you have both been wise and kind; and I am very grateful to you both for all the trouble you have taken."

"Nay," said Mr. Charlewood, "I assure you the trouble has been small in itself, although the occasion of it has been a sad one. Saxelby's accounts were in perfect order. I don't think he owed five shillings in the world, and his will was one of the clearest I have ever read in my life. He was an admirable man of business."

"He—was," said Mr. Fluke, with deliberate emphasis, "a—convinced—Christian; a practical, evangelical Christian; his earthly register, as well as his Heavenly one, was kept with faithful exactitude. By their fruits, Mrs. Saxelby, ye shall know them."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "It is most soothing to my feelings to have him truly appreciated. Indeed, indeed, he was very kind and good to me; always, always, always!" The widow added this with a burst of genuine emotion.

"You'll consider of my plan for your living at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood, after a pause. "I do believe it to be the best plan for you. You see, if you let the cottage, the rent wouldn't bring you in more than sixteen or eighteen pounds a year; and you couldn't find a place in Hammerham fit for you to live in at any thing like that price. Then you'd have the garden. That's a saving, when you don't employ a fashionable, scientific gardener to eat up the profits. The man who attended to it before (when your late husband let it) would grow your potatoes and cabbages for the privilege of taking what he could consume himself. There are fruit trees, too, and a paddock where you might keep a cow. In the country there are fifty ways of eking out a small income."

"It would be very dull," sobbed Mrs. Saxelby, "for the children. Think of Mabel. And however is Dooley to get an education? Oh dear, oh dear, I don't know what to do!"

"Mamma," said Mabel, gliding quietly into the room, "pray, pray do not fret and distress yourself about me."

Mabel had heard her mother's last words, and now knelt by her side, pressing her young soft cheek against Mrs. Saxelby's black dress.

"Remember, my dear friend," said Mr. Fluke, in a loud, clear voice, which made a glass vase on the mantle-piece ring again, and with a queer, sudden movement of his leg, that seemed like a kick strangled in its birth—"remember the young ravens! An all-bounteous Providence watches over His creatures."

Mabel merely observed: "Mamma knows, Mr. Fluke, that I mean to earn my own living. I am young and strong, and willing to work hard. We have talked it over."

Mr. Charlewood said, with an approving look, "I respect your resolution, my dear. Penny—my daughter Penny," he added, turning to Mr. Fluke, "always says that Miss Earnshaw is worth a thousand everyday misses. And she is right."

"And what do you mean to do, Mabel?" asked Mr. Fluke, knocking down the fire-irons with a crash that made Mrs. Saxelby start completely off her chair, as he turned to address Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby pressed her daughter's hand nervously, and answered before the latter could speak: "Oh, we shall think. We shall see. I can not give my mind to the idea of parting with Mabel yet. I shall be left desolate when she leaves me."

"Darling mother," said Mabel, in a caressing tone, and resolutely driving back her own tears: "Remember all we have said. Think of Dooley, dear little fellow. For a time we must bear to be separated for his sake. Then, when I have earned money enough to send him to a good school, how proud and happy we shall be! And, after all, you know, it won't be quite a separation. I shall be able to see you very often, I hope. You ask what I shall try for, Sir," she said, turning her head toward Mr. Fluke, but keeping her arms round her mother. "I have promised mamma to endeavor to get a situation as governess, and I shall do as I have promised."

Mrs. Saxelby kissed her daughter's forehead.

"But," pursued Mabel, "I know that I am not very likely to succeed all at once. I would do almost any thing to make a beginning. I believe that in schools they sometimes take a pupil teacher, giving a small salary, with board and finishing lessons, in return for her services. I have a good stock of clothes. I could do with very little money for the first year; especially if the hope were held out to me that it might lead to better things."

"Well said, Mabel!" cried Mr. Charlewood. "That's the way to get on in the world. Look things in the face, and begin at the beginning."

"I think," said Mr. Fluke, after a moment's consideration, "that it may be possible for me to help you in this matter. I do not speak positively, mind; but I know that Hannah (Hannah was Miss Fluke's Christian name) is occasionally applied to, to recommend young persons in that capacity. I will speak with Hannah. She will do her best for you, I know, my dear young friend."

Poor Mabel felt her heart sink within her, and yet at the same moment she reproached herself for it. She reminded herself that she desired employment, and ought to be grateful to any one who would aid her to get it. The recollection of that Saturday's district-visiting rose up in her mind. But she thanked Mr. Fluke as cordially as she could; and when the two gentlemen were gone she set herself to cheer and support her mother, and to put before her all the bright side and none of the dark of their future life.

"It will be a terrible change, Mabel," moaned Mrs. Saxelby—"a terrible change. For you, of course, it will be bad enough; but for me! Think of me, left in a wretched cottage in the country with barely food to eat and fire to warm me, and no one to look after Dooley! I think it will be the death of me; I do indeed. I don't suppose I shall live through the winter."

"The cottage is not wretched, dear mamma. I remember going there once in the summer, and it was a bright, pretty little place. I know there are some glorious old apple-trees that will be quite heavy with pink blossoms in the spring; and then it is only two miles and a half by the foot-path from Hammerham. You are able to walk that distance without fatigue, mamma. You will see your friends as often, I dare say, as you do now; and Dooley will grow strong in the pure country air."

"Ah! It's easy to be hopeful and cheerful at your age, Mabel. You see every thing couleur de rose."

This was somewhat hard on Mabel, who assuredly was indulging in no roseate visions as to the fate that awaited herself.

"If you really dread this country life so much, mamma," she said, after a pause, "why do you not make up your mind to let the cottage, and try to find a home here among the people who know you?"

"Now, Mabel," returned her mother, in a tone of plaintive remonstrance, "how can you talk so? You know very well that I must do as Mr. Fluke and Mr. Charlewood say. No doubt they settle all for the best. I am sure they mean very kindly, and I can't decide for myself. I never could."

"Perhaps," said Mabel, slowly, and as if speaking to herself—"perhaps if I were allowed to try that other plan I might earn money enough in time to give you a home such as you have been accustomed to lately."

"For goodness' sake, Mabel," urged Mrs. Saxelby, rising and putting her hand on her daughter's lips, "let me hear no more of that! What would our friends say?"

"That, mamma, appears to me to depend on the amount of their sense and good feeling. And I do not know that I am bound to make what they would say my first consideration."

"Mabel, Mabel, you terrify me. Remember your promise. You gave me your word."

"Yes, mamma. I do remember. I gave you my word to try this school plan; and I will try it fairly."

Then Mabel went to rest, after giving Dooley a kiss as the child lay sleeping in a little crib by the side of his mother's bed, and after repeating to herself with disdainful wonder:

"What they would say! What they would say! If I tried that other plan!"

CHAPTER XII.

CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES!

For some three weeks after her husband's funeral Mrs. Saxelby continued to reside at Jessamine Cottage. A tenant was found for it, who would take the lease off her hands, and purchase the greater part of the furniture at a valuation. Mrs. Saxelby submitted to all the arrangements with a mild resignation that seemed to utter a constant protest—against what, or whom, it was impossible to discover. Yet she was not ungrateful. But she always supposed that people did not form an adequate idea of what *she* had to endure; of the hardship to *her* in all these changes. And though she was not angry at this fancied want of appreciation for her sorrows, she cherished a soft and submissive sense of injury.

Miss Fluke was very busy and stirring in these days, appearing at all sorts of unexpected hours in Jessamine Cottage, "Snatching," as she said, "an occasional minute from the heat and burden of the day," to visit the widow and her children.

Miss Fluke's "occasional minutes" fell out in a strangely erratic manner. Several times she came to Jessamine Cottage before Mrs. Saxelby was down in the morning, and even before the little servant-maid had opened the shutters. And once she startled the whole household, just as they were retiring to rest, by a violent peal at the bell at about half past ten o'clock on a very wet night, when she stalked into the parlor with her umbrella glistening with rain, and her black gown tucked up under a water-proof cloak of some crackling material that diffused a pungent odor all over the house.

"I came up part of the way by the 'bus," said Miss Fluke, "and shall catch the last one to take me back to town at eleven."

"Is any thing the matter, dear Miss Fluke?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"Thanks be to God, nothing whatsoever," returned Miss Fluke, in an impressive manner. "No; there is nothing the matter. I have brought Mabel good news. Most excellent news. Here is a letter I received by the evening post from a Christian friend of mine to whom I wrote about Mabel. He has a cure of souls in Eastfield, and he tells me that he thinks he can place Miss Earnshaw in a school there. But here is the letter; you can see it."

Miss Fluke turned herself askew to pull from her pocket—as if she were drawing a cork—a note which ran as follows:

"My dear Friend,—In reference to the matter you have been urgent about, I am glad to say that I think I can place the young lady, Miss Earnshaw, in a school here as a pupil teacher. The establishment is conducted on principles of the strictest piety, and Mrs. Hatchett is a person enjoying the confidence of many highly respectable families in the neighborhood. Miss Earnshaw would be required to instruct seven junior pupils in music: to hear them read; to superintend the condition of their wardrobes; and to assist the French governess in her conversation class (you tell me Miss Earnshaw is well acquainted with the French language). In return, she would be allowed to profit in her leisure moments by the instruction of the masters who attend the school. And Mrs. Hatchett would consent to give a salary of ten pounds *per annum* to begin with. Let me know your friend's decision as soon as possible; for if she accepts she would be required to enter on her duties without delay. Remember me to your father and sisters, and believe me always, my dear friend, Yours faithfully,

"B. Lubbock."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby's face grew very long. "Dear me," she said, dolefully, "it's a miserable sum to offer."

"Mrs. Saxelby!" exclaimed Miss Fluke, making the water-proof cloak crackle loudly in her energy, and shaking a little shower of rain over the carpet. "My *good* soul, consider the advantages! All the different professors' lessons, and strict piety!"

"Mamma," said Mabel, taking her mother's hand, "indeed it is quite as good as I looked for."

"Ten pounds a year!" urged Mrs. Saxelby. "It seems to me worse than nothing at all."

But Mabel thought that even ten pounds a year was decidedly better than nothing at all; and after some further conversation it was agreed that she should at least make the trial, and that Miss Fluke should write to thank her friend and say that Mabel would be ready to go to Eastfield by that day week.

"That will give me a few days at Hazlehurst, mamma, to see you and Dooley comfortably installed in the cottage."

In spite of her courage her heart sank within her; but she spoke cheerfully and hopefully. Then Miss Fluke said "Good-night," and went to the front garden-gate to wait for the omnibus. As soon as its wheels were heard in the distance, and long before it came within sight, looming through the wet murky night, Miss Fluke planted herself at the edge of the foot-path, and hailed the driver by calling out "Stop!" in a loud threatening voice, suggestive of highway robbery. So she got in, and was driven away back to Hammerham, leaving Mabel and her mother to rest with what peace of mind they could under their altered circumstances.

The week passed away very quickly, unbroken in its busy monotony by any incident. The family at Bramley Manor, though not so active in their manifestations of friendship as Miss Fluke, had yet been kind. Mrs. Charlewood had written a note—or rather Augusta had written it at her mother's request—to say that she would abstain from intruding on the widow for a while, until she should be settled in her new home, but that she would drive out and see her in a few days, and that they all sent love to Mabel, and best wishes for her prosperity.

"I wonder, though," said Mrs. Saxelby, "that none of the family should have come over to say good-by to you."

Mabel said no word; but the recollection of Penelope Charlewood's insinuation made the hot blood rush into her face. The sudden calamity had naturally diverted Mabel's mind from dwelling on Miss Charlewood's words; but now her thoughts reverted to them with much unpleasant feeling, and she began to debate with herself whether it were possible that she could have been mistaken as to their purport?

"It does seem so utterly absurd," said Mabel, using almost the self-same words as those in which Clement had characterized a similar accusation. "And yet Penny must have had some meaning. Had it been Augusta I should have thought nothing of it; but Penny is not apt to talk at random. Can they, any of them, seriously suppose that I—" And the thought which she would not even mentally put into words made her heart beat, and brought tears of anger and mortification into her eyes.

As Miss Charlewood's keen observation had taught her, Mable Earnshaw was intensely proud. Hers was no aggressive haughty arrogance that strove to override or trample upon others; but it was a silent, self-sufficing pride, the existence of which was little suspected by many who knew her. And the thought of being subjected to such a suspicion as Penelope had hinted at was intolerable to her. Fortunately, occupations for the present and plans for the future prevented her mind from dwelling morbidly upon it.

The family from Jessamine Cottage removed to Hazlehurst with such modest store of furniture as was absolutely necessary. Mrs. Saxelby was installed with a small servant-girl from the village, as her only attendant, and Dooley had already plunged with delight into all the muddiest places within reach. He had been told that his sister must go away for a time, and had appeared to take the information quietly; holding his mother's hand clasped tightly in his small fingers, and looking steadfastly into her face with compressed lips. But that same night—the first of their sojourn at Hazlehurst—when Mabel was putting him into his little bed in his mother's room, he flung his arms around her neck, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

"Darling Dooley, my pet, my dear, dear boy," said his sister, holding him to her breast, "what is the matter, my own little brother?"

"Oo—oo is doin' away," sobbed Dooley. "Mamma said so. And papa is gone. Oh, Tibby, Tibby!" The little soft arms clasped themselves convulsively round his sister's neck.

"My sweet little one," said Mabel, with streaming eyes, "hush your sobs, you will fret poor mamma. Don't grieve mamma, Dooley. Remember, she has been so sorry for papa."

"Es," returned the child, struggling against his emotion with an intelligent resolution surprising in such a baby. "I w—won't k'y, Tibby; not out loud, I won't. But will 'oo ever tum back again? Papa won't ever tum back again. Nurse said so."

"Yes, my pet, my darling; I will come back to you and to dear mamma. And I will write you letters, Dooley; such beautiful letters! And mamma will read them to you till you are big enough to read them yourself."

Dooley smiled through his tears and made a nestling movement of his head on the pillow, expressive of satisfaction. "But," said he, with a catching of his breath—the ground-swell of the subsiding storm of weeping; "but will de postman *know* dey is for me?"

Being assured on this important point Dooley gradually dropped into a slumber: holding the forefinger of his sister's right hand against his tear-stained cheek, and probably seeing in his dreams bright visions of the postman coming up the road with a large letter in his hand, which he (the postman) would know was for Master Dooley Saxelby.

"Oh, Dooley," thought Mabel, looking down at the sleeping child—"oh, Dooley, Dooley! Perhaps all our pains and sorrows seem as small and transient to the powers above as yours are to me!"

CHAPTER XIII.

ADIEU AND AU REVOIR.

Sunday came—the last Sunday that Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter were to pass together for some time. Mabel's departure was fixed for Monday morning, all preliminary arrangements having been dispatched by the combined help of Mabel's good-will to disregard obstacles which affected only her own comfort, and of Miss Fluke's prodigious energy. That remarkable lady appeared to have annihilated time and space during the three days which intervened between Mrs. Saxelby's removal to Hazlehurst and the Monday on which Mabel was to go to Eastfield. It seemed as if Miss Fluke's water-proof cloak and thick boots were seen and heard in the little cottage at all hours. She walked the two miles and a half that separated Hazlehurst from Hammerham four times a day, splashing through the November mud with as much indifference as if she were a troop of cavalry. She reduced the village servant to a state approaching petrifaction by the rapidity of her investigations in kitchen, wash-house, and coal-shed. She charged at every body and every thing. As to Dooley, after a slow and conscientious examination of her water-proof cloak, and after the candid expression of his opinion that it had a very nasty smell, he took the habit of retreating into his mother's chamber whenever Miss Fluke's voice was heard, and lying there perdu until her departure. On one occasion he was found secreted under the bed with the kitten in his arms, and was with difficulty induced by his sister to come out.

"Me and pussy," he confided to her, "doesn't want to peak to Miss Fook. Pussy '*tests* her."

"Dooley!" said his sister. "Why does pussy detest Miss Fluke? I am sure she wouldn't hurt pussy."

"N—no," returned Dooley, reflectively, "not *hurt* her; but she—she 'trokes her so wery hard."

Miss Fluke, in fact, was stroking the whole household very hard.

The Sunday was clear and cold, and mother and daughter walked together to the little old parish church, where, in presence of a scanty and humble congregation, the morning service was mildly performed, and a mild sermon was mildly preached by a mild old gentleman in silver-rimmed spectacles. Dooley was taken to church on this occasion for the first time in his life, so very successfully, that he came home in a high state of enjoyment, announcing his intention of always going to church with mamma when Mabel should be away.

As they approached the cottage, which was separated from the high-road by a very narrow strip of garden inclosed within a wooden fence, they saw the little servant standing at the front door with her arms wrapped in her apron—for it was now late in November, and the day was cold—and looking out for their return.

"Missis, there's two young gents comed to see ye."

"Two what?" said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Two young gents. And I telled 'un you was at church, and they said as they'd bide till you com'd home; and they're a-smokin' in the paddock; and I asked 'un into the parlor and they said how they 'oodn't like to make it smell of baccy. But I telled 'un they was welcome to," added Betty, with a commendable sense of hospitality.

Clement Charlewood and his brother Walter appeared at the back-door leading from the paddock.

Mabel felt angry with herself as she became conscious of coloring violently. When it came to her turn to greet Clement Charlewood, she gave him the tips of her fingers and the coldest of salutations.

"I'm so glad to see you!" said Mrs. Saxelby. "You are very good to walk over in time to say a farewell word to Mabel." Mrs. Saxelby preceded the two young men into the parlor.

"I'll go up stairs with Dooley and take his things off, mamma," said Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby was always popular with the younger men of her acquaintance; for she combined with a motherly manner, which put them at their ease, a soft feminine helplessness which is usually gracious in the eyes of most men, young or old. In answer to her inquiries Clement said that his mother and sisters were very well, and were very sorry not to see Miss Earnshaw before she went, and sent much love to her.

Clement had announced his intention of walking over to Hazlehurst that morning at breakfast at Bramley Manor, and Walter—who always found his time rather more difficult to get rid of on Sunday than on any other day—had volunteered to accompany him. So the two young men had come together, enjoying by the way a brotherly chat: the most intimate and friendly they had had for a long time.

"And what are you doing, Walter?" said Mrs. Saxelby. "It is an age since I saw you, and, if I didn't fear to affront you, I should almost make bold to say you had grown."

Walter laughed and colored.

"Oh, I sha'n't be a bit affronted at that, Mrs. Saxelby. But as to what I am doing, the fact is, I am doing nothing. Just waiting for my commission. It's a deuce of a bore, hanging on like this."

"Then you have really made up your mind to go into the army, Walter?"

"Oh yes; fixed as fate. It's the only profession for a gentle— I mean, it's about the only thing to suit *me*."

"Drill, dress, and dinner, Watty. That's what I tell him an officer's life consists of, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement. "So I dare say he is right in his estimate of his fitness for it."

"All but the drill," returned Watty, good-humoredly. "Confound that part of the business!"

Here Betty appeared at the parlor-door, holding a clean table-cloth under her arm, and asked, in a loud, hoarse tone, which possibly was meant for a whisper: "The mate's done. Be they a-goin' to stop dinner?"

The young men rose.

"Nay, you must stay and eat something with us," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Call it lunch if you like. Lay two more plates, and knives, and forks, Betty. And call Miss Mabel and Master Dooley. Give me the cloth; I will spread it."

Clement and Walter were willing enough to remain, but feared they should be "in the way."

"In the way? Nonsense! I won't let you be in the way; never fear."

Mabel, though not able quite to banish the recollection of Penelope's words, was yet glad, on the whole, that they remained; for her mother brightened under the influence of their presence.

After the meal was over Dooley urgently entreated his friend Walter to "tum and 'ook at de pig."

"He lives in a ty," said Dooley, eagerly, "an' he knows me. I durst div him apples. I ain't frightened, because Tibby says he's a dood pig. Tum an' see him." Dooley seized Walter's hand, and pulled him without more ado into the paddock, at one corner of which stood the pig-sty.

"May I not see this interesting animal too?" asked Clement.

"Oh, certainly," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "Pray look at him, and give me your candid opinion of his beauties. As I am quite ignorant of the subject, you will be safe in pronouncing your judgment. Mabel, my darling, I won't go out. It is too cold for me. Take Mr. Charlewood over the extensive domain; and I will have a cup of coffee ready by the time you come back."

Mabel put on an old garden-hat of very determined ugliness, and tucked up her gown so as to show a pair of hideous galoshes which effectually disfigured the pretty feet that Mrs. Hutchins had mentally compared to Rosalba's of Naples.

"The paddock is damp," she said, curtly, and without another word preceded Clement. They had not gone many paces when Clement stopped. "Miss Earnshaw, I have a message for you which I must not forget to deliver."

Mabel stopped also, and, without turning completely round, looked over her shoulder at him.

"A message for me?"

"Yes. I think you can guess from whom. Little Corda Trescott sends you—I must be exact, for the words were confided to me with many solicitous injunctions to repeat them literally—sends you her dearest love and thanks, and is grieved to hear of your sorrow, and will never, never forget you, and hopes some day to see you again. That is my message."

Mabel's face softened into a girlish, tender smile that had a lurking sadness in it. "Ah, poor little Corda! Thank you, Mr. Charlewood. Then you have seen her again? That is very good of you!"

"I saw her yesterday. She is getting quite strong, if one may apply the term to any thing so fragile. She still has some books of yours, she tells me. I have promised to bring them to Hazlehurst when she has read them, and after you— Miss Earnshaw, I am an older friend than Corda. Don't refuse me the privilege of saying, as she says, that I shall never, never forget you, and that I hope to see you again."

"You are very kind," said Mabel, in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible.

"Not kind in that hope; rather say selfish; but it is more than a hope with me. It is a resolution."

"We are near the pig," said Mabel, ruthlessly.

If she were cold, Clement was earnest. He would not suffer his words to be so put aside.

"I not only hope, but I intend to see you again. I shall say au revoir when we part."

"No, Mr. Charlewood. I fear you had best say adieu."

"Adieu? No! You will at least come to Hazlehurst for your holidays. And it is possible" (Clement blushed a little here), "nay, very probable, that I may be running over to Eastfield on business."

"I think it very likely that I shall not return to Hazlehurst for any length of time. I have a feeling that my career at Eastfield will be but a brief one. However, I have promised to try it. But here is the pig, and here is Dooley, over his ankles in mud. Dooley, you must come in with me directly and change your wet shoes and stockings."

When the time came for the brothers to take their leave and walk back toward Hammerham Mrs. Saxelby's spirits sank. It was a foretaste of the parting with Mabel.

"Come and see mamma sometimes when you can, Watty," said Mabel, taking his hand. She made no similar request to Clement; but her mother added: "Oh, do come, both of you! I am, and shall be, so thankful to see you."

"Will you please, Mr. Charlewood," Mabel added, softening at the last moment, "to give my kind love to little Corda? And will you tell her, from me, to keep those other books I lent her, and to take care of them for my sake? They were given to me by some one whom I loved very dearly. God bless you, Mr. Charlewood! Adieu!"

"Au revoir, Mabel," said the young man, holding both her hands, and looking gravely into her eyes. "Au revoir!"

Thus Mabel Earnshaw and Clement Charlewood parted.

END OF BOOK I.

COMING PLEASURES.

Shadow-leaves of rugged elms,
Thrown on cool green meadow-plants;
Light beyond, and flowered realms,
Passing bees' deep organ-chants.

Plumes of air that touch the cheek
Like a rose, as soft and brief;
Happy thoughts that need not speak,
Lapped in rest and love's belief.

Rippling stream by sun and shade,
Golden-meshed, or amber-deep;
Song of bird, and tinkling blade,
Where the distant corn they reap

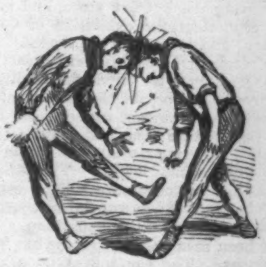
Such an hour is coming, sweet,
Banishing the anxious frown—
Fanning ache and trouble's heat—
Bringing heavenly angels down.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

Pittsburg, *May* 24, 1867.

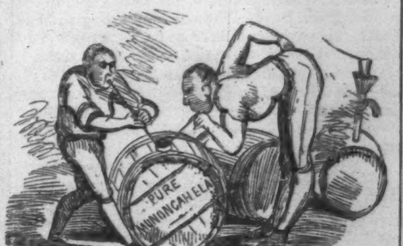
Dear Weekly,—I came on here to see the great sculling match between my two muscularian friends, Mr. Brown and Mr. Hamill, and to witness the



TRIAL OF SKILL WITH THEIR SCULLS,

in this smoky village. I was told that it would probably end in a "bottle of smoke;" and indeed, as soon as I arrived at my hotel I thought I had ended the same way. The fog that envelops the High Court of Chancery is no comparison, in its darkening qualities, to the atmosphere of this bituminous city; nothing is plain here except the general obscurity, and that is clear to every body.

After depositing my carpet-bag in my room at the "Jolly Flat Boat" I called upon the two aquats, and found them both in fine spirits, and each of them



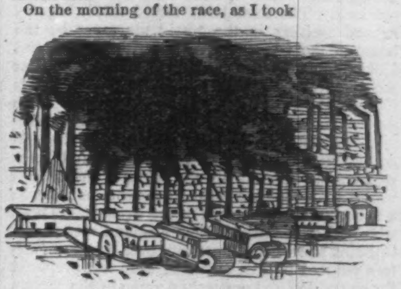
TAKING A PULL ON THE "MONONGAHELA,"

by way of practice for their contest on the morrow. I observed carefully the "pulls" of each one, and I thought at the time that the quick manner of Hamill's, if long continued, must eventually defeat him. This rapid method is apt to render a person unsteady in his *pulls*, and the first thing you know he will be away from any *signs of water* and high and dry on the shore.

I had a little conversation with the gentlemen, and spent some time in examining their sculls, as well as their clavicular and scapular muscles, and felt convinced that either of them would win—if I was their opponent in the match. As I have never succeeded in "feathering my nest," I am satisfied by analogy that I couldn't succeed in "feathering" my oar, which my friends say is one of the first things to learn.

Brown gave me some insight into the course of training he has been going through with the past week. He says he travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours daily; and I believe him. The way he does it is this: he has leased a route on one of the morning "Dailies," and undertakes to serve the subscribers with their paper on the cash principle. He first goes to the office and gets as many papers as he can carry (for the purpose of developing the muscles of the arms), and leaves them at the houses of the respective subscribers; he then gets more, and does the same with other subscribers until they are all served. He then starts to collect the money for the papers, and here is where his severest training begins; he walks up and down the streets and door-steps of every subscriber, and generally finds the party who pays the "paper bills" is either in bed or gone to his store. After ascertaining that information from five hundred and forty—about seven-eighths of his list—he goes to their places of business, when they are generally out, will be in soon, and he is asked to call for his two cents again in about half an hour. Of course he is unable to repeat all of the calls in that time, so he goes over the course throughout the whole day, and at night takes some fried ham and a cup of coffee, and lies down any where and goes to sleep. He told me he believed if any body would pursue this course of training for a short time they would be able to "paddle their own canoe" with success under any circumstances.

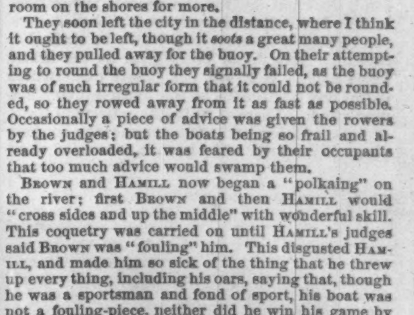
On the morning of the race, as I took



A VIEW OF THE CITY

through the smoked glass of my bedroom window, I discovered by the streaked appearance of things (daylight here streaks the east with black instead of gold, as in other places) that it had been, and still was, raining. I thought this would postpone the performances; for although water was very essential for the sport, yet it must be on the outside of their boats, not inside. I, however, found the crowd at the river, and at their head-quarters found the "boys."

Brown's boat is one of the most perfect things of the kind ever constructed. It is made from a long elder stick one hundred and twenty feet long and thirteen sixteenths of an inch in diameter, with the pith neatly blowed out; a needle is placed in each end to keep her sharp. He handles forty-eight foot oars with twenty-one foot outriggers. She weighs 14℥. 3ʒ. 7℈. apothecaries weight. The prescription for her weight was carefully compounded by Elliott, of Greenpoint, Long Island. Hamill's shell, I am told, is also a perfect beauty and is made out of bark. He cracks up his shell-bark very high.

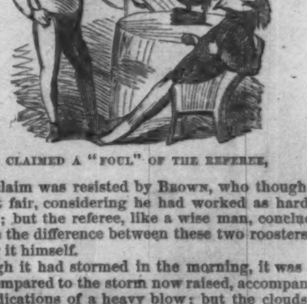


THE START

was most startling; the boats fairly jumped out of the water, and the people who lined the shore fairly jumped into it. There must have been forty thousand people lining the shores; but the rain shrunk the lining so that there seemed to be abundance of room on the shores for more.

They soon left the city in the distance, where I think it ought to be left, though it *soots* a great many people, and they pulled away for the buoy. On their attempting to round the buoy they signally failed, as the buoy was of such irregular form that it could not be rounded, so they rowed away from it as fast as possible. Occasionally a piece of advice was given the rowers by the judges; but the boats being so frail and already overloaded, it was feared by their occupants that too much advice would swamp them.

Brown and Hamill now began a "polkaing" on the river; first Brown and then Hamill would "cross sides and up the middle" with wonderful skill. This coquetry was carried on until Hamill's judges said Brown was "fouling" him. This disgusted Hamill, and made him so sick of the thing that he threw up every thing, including his oars, saying that, though he was a sportsman and fond of sport, his boat was not a fouling-piece, neither did he win his game by running it down. Brown kept on pulling until he arrived at the place of starting, with Hamill nowhere in sight. The impression among the Pittsburgers was, that Hamill had not noticed the stake-boat and was still rowing down the river, and was now somewhere near Cairo, as when last seen he was going very fast in that direction. In about twenty minutes, however, Hamill was seen coming in slowly under double-reefed out-riggers, and his oars that he had been "feathering" with their feathers considerably drooping. Cheer after cheer greeted him as he drew near the bridge by his friends, so overjoyed were they to think that he had arrived safe. The Portlander landed a little below, and went immediately up to the referee's house to get the "stakes," as he felt hungry for them, his exercise on the river having wetted his appetite as well as his clothes. While waiting there Hamill came in, looking a little hungry and exhausted, and



CLAIMED A "FOUL" OF THE REFEREE,

which claim was resisted by Brown, who thought it was not fair, considering he had worked as hard as Hamill; but the referee, like a wise man, concluded to settle the difference between these two roosters by keeping it himself.

Though it had stormed in the morning, it was nothing compared to the storm now raised, accompanied with indications of a heavy blow; but the clouds of wrath were dispelled by the shining countenance of your own C. O. W. breaking in upon their council, and who agreed to hold the stakes himself without charge, even if it should never be settled. This benevolent offer caused a burst of good feeling among all hands; and Brown started for the East, while Hamill and the rest of us remained to examine into the merits of his claim, and to discuss the question of employing some experienced Claim Agents who have experience [illegible] sailors' claims to lend their hands toward securing a settlement.

My impression from my experience here is, that the hardest and most precarious way of making a living is by "scull" exercise. Your own C. O. W.

FREDERIC EDWIN CHURCH.

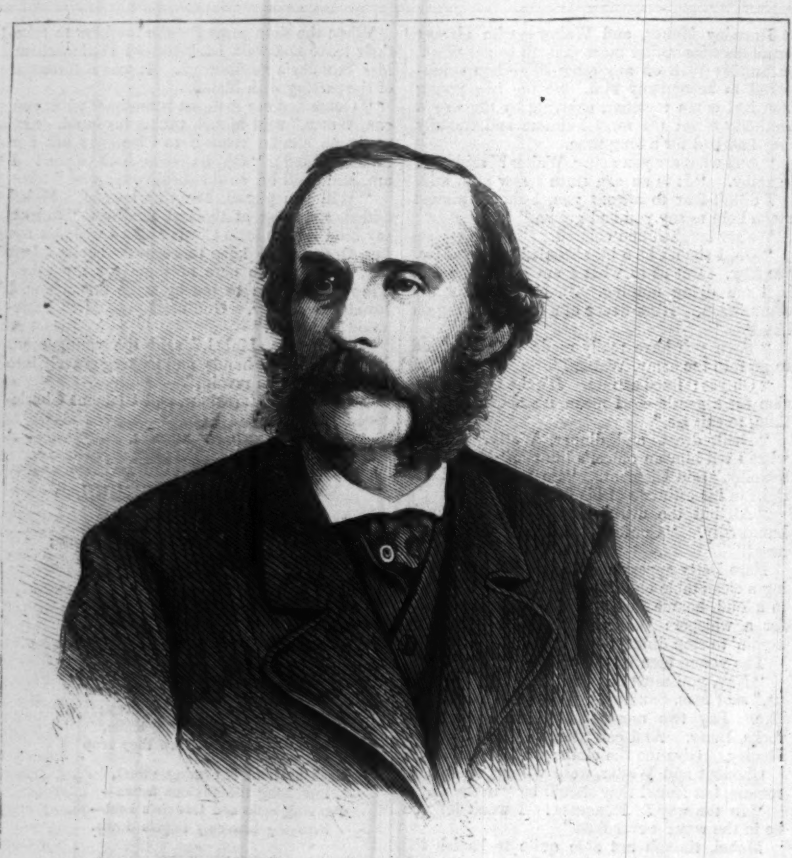
In the exhibition of 1854 there was a landscape which seemed a quivering haze upon the wall. It was a picture of heat itself. So, thought the spectator, must the land of the equator look. The mountains tossed wildly together and melting in the torrid air, must be the heart of the tropics. Every body stopped and looked long and full of wonder and delight at the picture, and were not surprised when they read in the catalogue that the title was "The Andes of the Ecuador." They were the mountains of the American equatorial region—the loftiest upon the continent; Chimborazo and Cotopaxi among them. But the object of the picture was not to depict individual mountains; it was a vision of the landscape of the equator. Those who had seen faithful New England scenes and brilliant sunrises and sunsets over northern waters painted by Mr. Church were not prepared for so sudden and masterly a grasp of the secrets of his art, and this picture at once gave the painter the place among our artists which he has never lost.

Mr. Church is a Yankee of the Yankees, born in Hartford, Connecticut, forty-one years ago. He studied with Cole, and his earliest works had the germ of all the qualities which the later have so fully developed. The same accuracy of drawing, the same marvelous patience of detail, the same brilliant color and cumulative excellence, the same felicity of subject. From the beginning he has devoted himself to his art with the same tireless devotion with which Agassiz or Owen pursue science. His life has been divided between his incessant work at home in New York and excursions to Maine, Labrador, the West Indies, and the Gulf country of South America. One other excursion at least he has made, that to Niagara, of which he has made so memorable a record. His famous picture of the Falls was painted in 1837, and gave him immense popularity. He himself received one of the most involuntary testimonials of its general approval. After it was exhibited he was making some later sketches at the Cataract, in which some loiterers of the neighborhood evidently took the greatest interest. They watched him closely, and one ventured to inspect the sketch narrowly; then, with an air of mingled contempt and commiseration as if the poor artist might as well abandon his attempt, "Pshaw! you ought to see Church's Niagara." "I painted it," was the smiling reply which almost hurled the critic into the abyss. The European critics declared that the "Niagara" gave them an entirely new and higher view both of American nature and art.

This work was followed by "The Heart of the Andes"—a picture of the utmost elaboration and splendor, in which the marvelous finish of the detail does not destroy the general impression. It is a landscape composition of South American mountain scenery, which may be studied as carefully through an opera-glass as the actual scene itself. Nor will the closest examination reveal any negligence in the extraordinary manipulation. There is an infinite variety of form, of light, of color, and the spectator who contemplates it carefully will find that it remains afterward in his imagination like a wonderful portrait. Upon its public exhibition this picture was more than a fashion, it was a rage, and we are confident that nothing did more to excite the unprecedented interest in art which has been shown during the last few years, and especially in this city, than the exhibition of Church's "Niagara" and "Heart of the Andes."

The "Icebergs" was his next great picture. Dr. Hayes attests its wonderful fidelity to the exact form and color, and the delicacy and beauty of the huge translucent masses needed no witness. The picture was less popular than the others, but the same remarkable skill in the artist was fully acknowledged. The other chief works of Mr. Church are "Cotopaxi" and a new "Niagara," which was finished just in time to be sent to Paris for the Exposition, and which has not been seen in this country but by a very few persons. The Committee upon the Fine Arts immediately recognized and acknowledged the power of Mr. Church and the superiority of his works, and awarded to him a medal of the second class, the first, as we understand, being reserved for historical works of art. It is an honor which Mr. Church's countrymen will heartily approve.

Mr. Church's home is upon the Hudson River just below the city of Hudson.



FREDERIC E. CHURCH, N. A.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]

THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

The Twenty-second Regiment, whose uniform is shown in our sketch on page 356, was organized by the business men of New York on the breaking out of the war in 1861, and placed under the command of Colonel James Monroe, U.S.A. Having volunteered its services during the disasters of 1862 it was sent to Baltimore, and from thence to Harper's Ferry, then threatened by Jackson. Here the regiment served three months, losing its Colonel. Under the command of his successor, Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall, the Twenty-second went through the Pennsylvania campaign of 1863, participating in the skirmish of Sporting Hill and the defense of Carlisle at the time of its bombardment by J. E. B. Stuart, and seeing considerable hard service and marching; and after its return performed duty during the riots in the metropolis. Colonel Aspinwall having been made a Brigadier, Colonel J. F. Cox assumed command of the Twenty-second, and was succeeded by Colonel George B. Post, its present commander.

The uniform of the Twenty-second, originally gray with red facings, was subsequently changed to blue, and has been recently converted into a full chasseur dress by the addition of white gaiters, blue and white epaulets, and dress hat with white horse-hair plume.

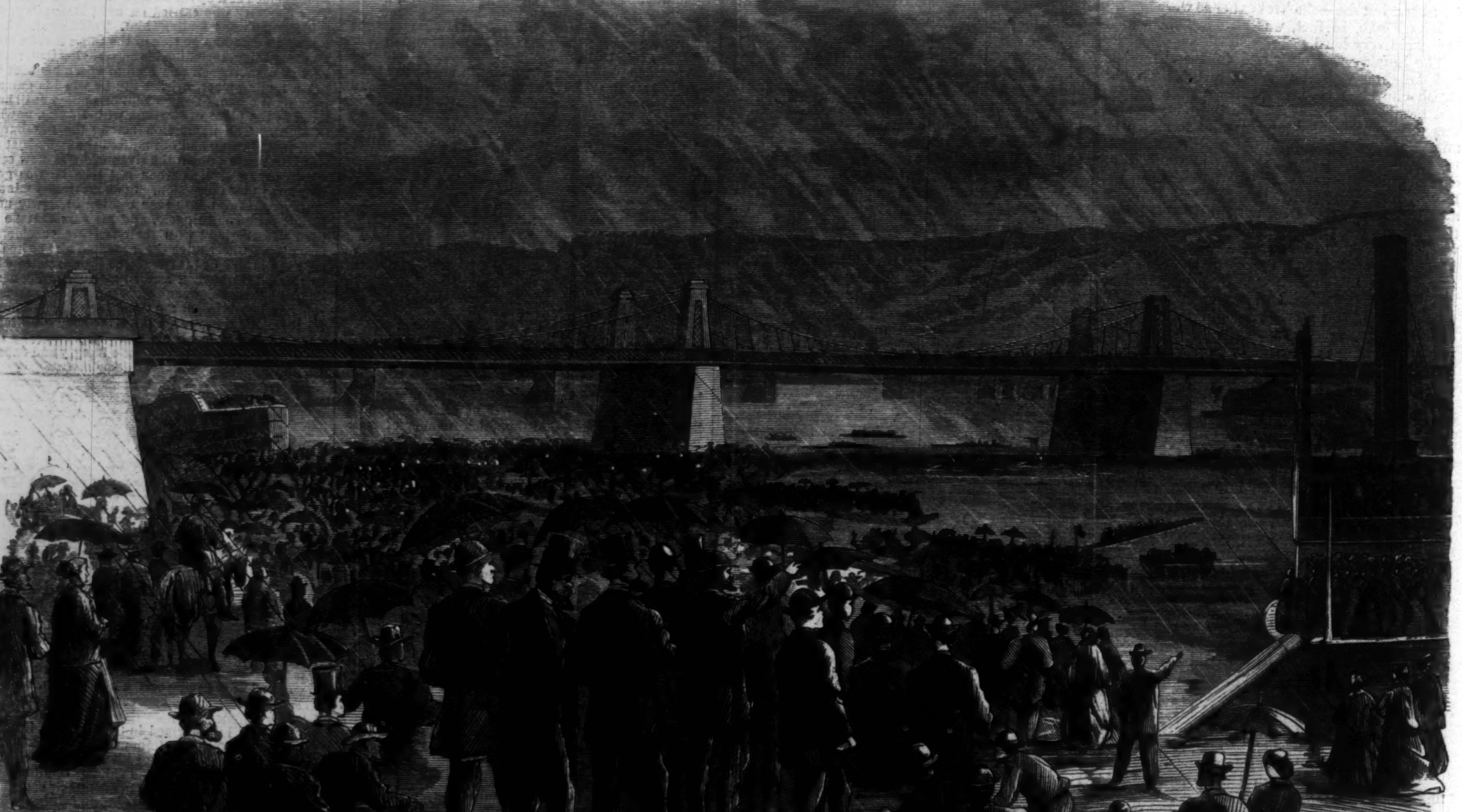
SCULL-RACE AT PITTSBURG.

Our illustration on this page shows the start in the great five-mile single-scull race at Pittsburg, May 21, between James Hamill, of that city, and Walter Brown, of Portland. The race was for $1000 and the Championship of America. For three-quarters of an hour previous to the race a drenching rain delayed the contest. At least 15,000 persons viewed it from the surrounding buildings, hills, and bridge. At a quarter to four o'clock the contestants took their places, Hamill having the choice of positions. At the signal for starting both left the judge's boat in elegant style. Brown's long sweep sent him ahead, and he maintained the lead to the buoy-boat, two miles and a half distant, and turned it neatly; but on the return stretch Brown is alleged to have fouled Hamill, the latter's judge claiming that Brown crossed Hamill's course three times during the race. Hamill, after being fouled by Brown, spurted across the river, and left Brown to pull home alone. Brown made the distance in forty-seven minutes. Brown insisted that Hamill fouled him, and put in a claim to that effect. The judges and referee met the next day, and, after a careful examination of all the facts in regard to Hamill's claim that Brown fouled him, decided that Brown won the race and the stakes; and the Championship of the United States is now transferred to him.

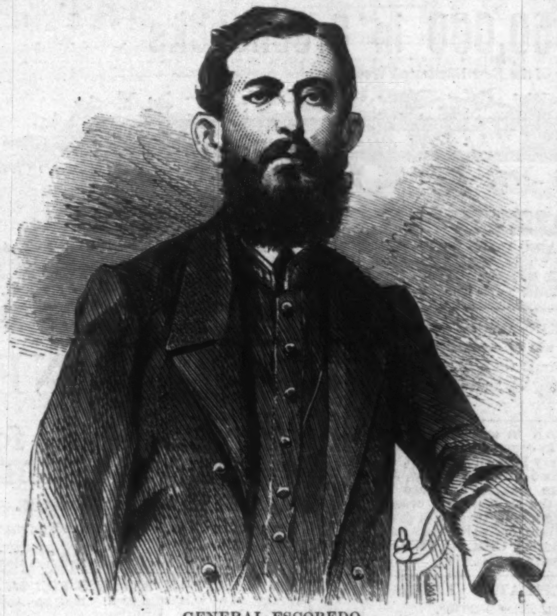
END OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

The siege of Queretaro finally culminated on May 15 in the surrender of the Imperial army. A dispatch from President Juarez of that date says the place was carried by assault at 8 o'clock of that morning, and Maximilian, Mejia, Castello, and Miramon were made prisoners.

Our previous dates from Queretaro (May 7) led us to anticipate this result. Maximilian was desirous then of surrendering, but Mejia and Miramon refused to permit him to do so, and virtually held him a prisoner. A sally was made by the Imperialists on May 6, but they



THE SCULL-RACE AT PITTSBURG—THE START FROM THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—[Sketched by C. S. Reinhart.]



GENERAL ESCOBEDO,
Commander of the Mexican Army of the North.

were beaten back with heavy loss. The besieged troops were then subsisting on horse-flesh. Of course this surrender puts an end to the Empire of **Maximilian**. Mexico city and Vera Cruz, both closely besieged, will doubtless be surrendered without further effort.

Naturally this success will redound to the credit of the Liberal leaders of the Republican army under whom the siege has been conducted. We give this week the portraits of the two most prominent of these. General **Escobedo** is the Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army of the North, and the first officer in rank and doubtless in ability in the Republic. He has been the Commander of the Liberal forces for two years past, and under him the Liberals met with their various successes at Matamoras, Monterey, and San Luis Potosi as well as the last triumph at Queretaro. General **Trevinio** is the Commander of the cavalry corps of **Escobedo**'s army, and has been with him in all his late campaigns.

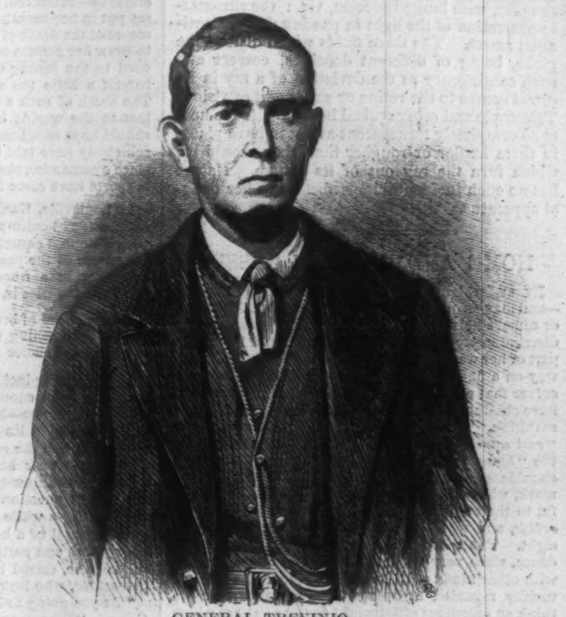
RELIGION IN HONOLULU.

It is just 47 years since the first preachers of the Gospel landed on the shores of Hawaii. They were sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from Boston. They were well received, and labored with much success. Later followed a French Roman, and four years ago a Protestant Episcopal Mission. The latter is controlled by an English bishop, with seven clergy, of whom three are of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country. On March 5 last King **Kamehameha** V. laid the corner-stone of a new Bishop's Church, in course of erection on a site in Honolulu granted by His late Majesty when the missionaries arrived. The ceremony took place in presence of the Chiefs and authorities of the kingdom, the Dowager Queen **Emma**, the representatives of Great Britain and the United States, and the royal troops. Much interest was excited in Honolulu by the occasion. We herewith give an engraving of the scene taken on the spot, as well as a plan of the proposed church. The latter is intended as a memorial church for the late King, the founder of the Episcopal Mission.

VISION OF INSECTS.

While there is a free rotatory movement of the eyes of animals those of insects are motionless, although they enjoy a wide range of vision. If the two halves of an apple cut through the middle were applied on the sides of the head, the convex surface outwardly, they would very well represent the two eyes of a fly, a grasshopper, beetle, honey-bee, wasp, or almost any other insect.

Transfixed and motionless as they are, the field of vision takes in an entire circle, whereas movable eyes, as man's for example, are limited by the muscles to half a circle. Those large protuberant eyes of insects have a multitude of facets or receiving surfaces, instead of a single cornea. The crystalline lens bears some resemblance to those kind of watch-seals of a single stone ground with very many reflecting faces. Those facets receive the rays of light from every possible direction, which are directed to one common central retina, the seat of vision.



GENERAL TREVINIO,
Commander of the Mexican Cavalry Corps.

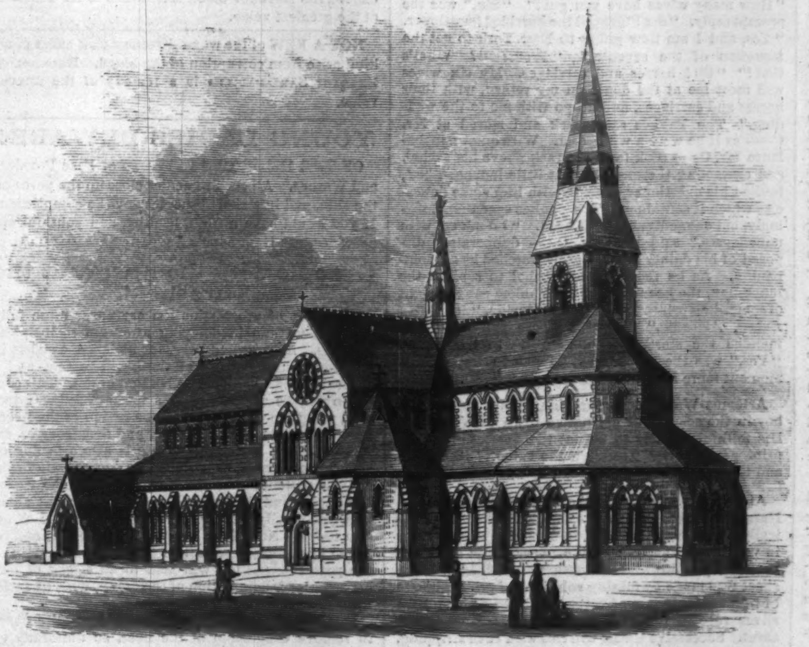
Insects have both telescopic as well as microscopic organs. They see the minutest needle distinctly within a line of their eyes, and avoid it; and they see, too, bushes, trees, buildings, etc., and vary their course accordingly in their flights. How the optic axis is altered for near or distant objects is quite beyond the ken of learned physiologists. They have not yet determined how this is accomplished.

More curious, still, many families of insects perform extraordinary wonders in the dark. Bees construct their beautiful comb, and wasps build their light paper houses in profound darkness.

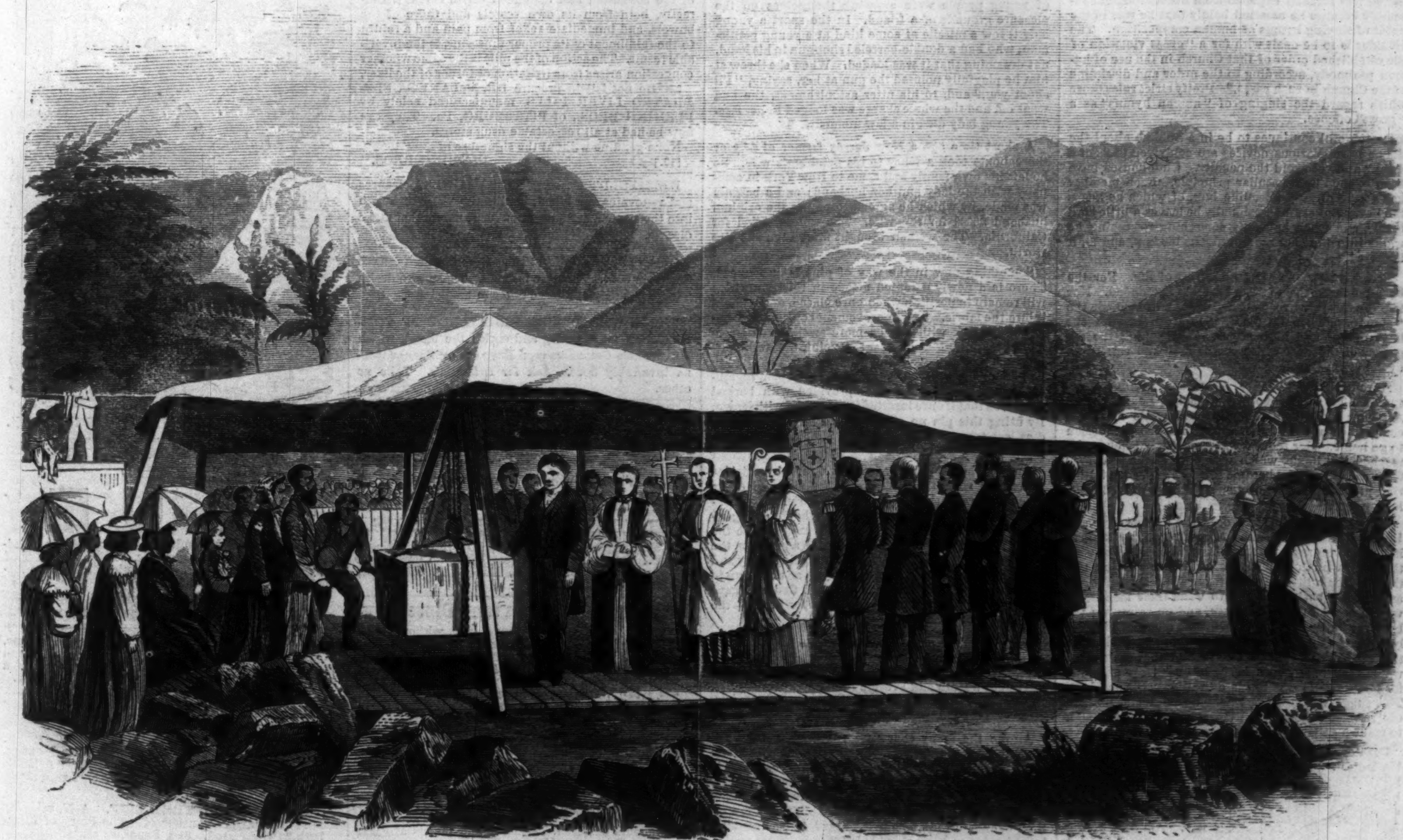
It is therefore morally certain the visual apparatus of such insects is anatomically adjusted upon the principle of the night-seeing birds, moles, cats, bats, etc., whose eyes are reflecting mirrors. They reflect back the few feeble rays of light diffused in the darkest places so as to illuminate the interior of the globe and throw them upon the object they wish to see. Locomotive engines which drag night trains carry a large reflector in front, which throws the reflected light of a small lamp a long way in advance, giving the engineer a perfect and distinct view of the rails in the direction he is running, so as to give him an opportunity of slackening the speed should he discover danger ahead.

All such inventions and appliances in the use of reflectors are but very humble imitations of Nature's mechanism in the eyes of apparently useless insects.

There is one other point in reference to the eye that is quite overlooked in its construction, which



BISHOP'S CHURCH, HONOLULU.—[Sketched by G. H. Burgess.]



KING KAMEHAMEHA V. LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BISHOP'S CHURCH AT HONOLULU.—[Sketched by G. H. Burgess.]

practical opticians have been trying to copy, but thus far, with limited success, viz.: the chromatic aberration of the light in passing through artificial lenses. The three fluids which distend the globe, being of different densities, correct any such contingency as the deviation of a ray in its direct course to the retina or exact seat of vision. Telescopic and other optical instruments are never so completely transparent as not to have places in them harder or rougher than they should be, which turn the ray out of its course. Nature has no such incidental imperfection in her optical apparatus.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY fashionable lady who can afford the expense—and many a one who can not—considers a Cashmere, or camel's-hair shawl (the names being somewhat indiscriminately used), a very desirable and important part of her wardrobe. And a single walk down Broadway on a fine afternoon will convince the careful observer that a good proportion of the fair promenaders have obtained—or think they have—this object of their ambition. The uninitiated should be informed that a "*real camel's shawl*" is to be distinguished—first, by the "*hump*" which is worn gracefully between the shoulders; and, second, by the queer little cabalistic mark, which, however disfiguring in itself, is beautiful to the cultivated eye, since it proves the *genuine article*, and which is always worn conspicuously in sight. The "*hump*," however, is not positive evidence, since very respectable counterfeits are made with other kinds of shawls. The spider-like mark is usually regarded as indisputable evidence; but we think an ingenious artist might devise a pattern which would easily deceive a casual observer at the distance of fifteen feet!

These much-desired camel's-hair, or Cashmere shawls, are made from the fine wool of the Thibet goat. In Cashmere, where the genuine ones are chiefly made, there are no less than 16,000 looms. The weavers, who are employed by merchants, receive the wool after it is spun and dyed, and in their shops, or at their own houses, weave the patterns ordered. Each loom is estimated to make, on the average, five shawls yearly. But sometimes a single fine shawl keeps from two to four persons engaged on it an entire year. The weaving is a very slow process, as each colored yarn of the woof is worked upon the warp with a separate needle. Consequently it is customary to divide the pattern of a shawl among several looms, and then join the pieces together, which is very skillfully done. To work a single long shawl of finest thread and elaborate pattern without seam would require about three years, and, from the difficulties attendant on the work, is seldom attempted.

In France a very exact imitation is made of the real Cashmere shawls, in which the pattern is alike on both sides. The article more commonly made, however, is not alike on the two sides, but on one side has the exact appearance of the real Cashmere. Many of this class of Paris-made goods are woven from wool which rivals in softness and fineness that of the Cashmere goat. No imitations, however, equal the real India Cashmere shawls in beauty or durability. The finest and most elaborately-wrought ones often are sold for two or three thousand dollars.

Warm weather is tardy in its coming this year; but some other things, which are the frequent accompaniments of summer, have not been slow in making their appearance. We have in mind certain bone-boiling or fat-melting establishments in the upper and western portions of the city, which have already begun to pollute the pure air with their noxious vapors. Is there no power which can root out this and similar evils from our midst? Would such nuisances be tolerated for a single day in the heart of Paris?

A certain member of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod was recently expelled from his seat in that assembly because he asserted boldly that he was in the habit of singing hymns of human composition. The offender is to be dealt with for a "gross violation of the established order of that Church in the use of human psalmody, according to the order and discipline of the Church in such cases." Pretty strict rules those which regard the singing of "human hymns" as a "gross" offense.

Boston still continues to be in a hubbub about the liquor law. Various devices are contrived to "get a drink" and yet avoid the penalty. Club-houses have been opened on a peculiar principle. Each member has a kind of post-office-like box, of which he keeps the key. But semi-occasionally he leaves a little card inside, and when he wants something refreshing he walks into the club-room, unlocks his box, and lo, it is there!

Bread is now one of the luxuries of life. For the best flour from $20 to $23 a barrel is demanded. Nor is there any thing really cheap enough to be made the "staff of life" in its place. We are now, with our heavy taxes and high prices, really paying the expenses of that war which was incited and carried on by Jefferson Davis.

A remarkable instance of sudden blindness occurred a few weeks ago in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. A young girl, about ten years old, while at school complained of pain in her eyes and asked permission to go home. Her request was granted, but before she reached her home, which was only about 500 yards from the school, she became totally blind. Up to this time all efforts to restore her sight have proved fruitless.

A very singular incident occurred a short time ago in Marysville, California. A gentleman, wishing to have a photograph taken of his two boys, went with them to a photograph gallery. While "fixing up" the children a little, preparatory to the operation, he asked for a basin of water to wash their faces. He was directed to another room, and on returning the boys sat for their pictures. But the operator presently noticed that the lads were growing very black in the face, and on investigation found that instead of water they had used a basin of chemicals prepared for pictures. It was too late to remedy the accident. This suggests a novel and perhaps efficacious method of "reconstruction!" It would be permanent enough to make a good beginning.

Fashion is an imperious mistress. Many fashionable ladies think it no hardship to have their dark locks bleached to a golden (?) hue. Not long ago a brown-haired beauty resolutely submitted to the process of having her head entirely shaved, and now contentedly sports a *fashionable* wig. Another young lady to whom beauty must have been a pearl of great price, with wonderful fortitude had all her own teeth—which were, to be sure, uneven and not so white as might be—extracted, that she might have a handsomer set put in her mouth. A short time since the papers recorded the death of a lady who had been accustomed to draw her corsets together by the aid of a rope, fastened to the ceiling of her room. One day she drew herself a little too close, and burst a blood-vessel. The death of such a foolish creature can be no great loss to the world; but it does seem hard that she should have sacrificed herself ignorantly. Could not somebody have told her that tight-lacing was *old style* since gymnastics, skating, croquet, and similar athletic sports have come into vogue?

In Louisville, Kentucky, a young lady of piety, refinement, and culture was refused permission to unite with a Baptist church of that city, in accordance with the advice of the pastor, solely because she had been a teacher in a freedman's school. They evidently need missionaries in Louisville.

A novel kind of breast-pin has been invented, from which, by touching a little spring, one can extract a succession of choice airs from favorite operas.

The following incident, coming to us from a private source, is good enough to repeat. Not long since a certain gentleman—Mr. C—— by name—was traveling in the cars from Eutaw, Alabama, to this city. During one part of the route an inquisitive Yankee occupied a seat near him. Not content with curiously scanning his fellow-traveler the Yankee levied at him a volley of questions, which Mr. C—— contrived to ward off for a while by devoting himself assiduously to the perusal of a book. But the Yankee was terribly restless and pertinacious; and at length, in sheer self-defense, closed his book and turned toward his persecutor, who instantly renewed the attack with:

"Be you going to New York?" "I be," replied Mr. C——. "Where be you from?" "From Eutaw." "Utah!" ejaculated the Yankee, starting back; but recovering himself, he resumed, cautiously, "Be you married?" "I be," solemnly responded Mr. C——. "How many wives have you got?" "Six," was the prompt reply. "Six!" gasped the horrified questioner. "Yes, and I am now going to New York to get the *trousseau* of the seventh." "*Trousseau?* What's that?" "Oh! horses and carriages. My six wives will meet me at the dépôt on my return, with their horses and carriages, and all go with me to the wedding." The Yankee sank back and stared at Mr. C—— as if he were a wild beast. With quiet nonchalance Mr. C—— took from the rack above his sachel, and extracting therefrom a neat little luncheon-box, invited his questioner to share with him some delicacies which it contained. The Yankee eyed them longingly, but doggedly shook his head. "I don't eat with unbelievers," said he. Mr. C—— deliberately disposed of his dainty lunch, closely watched by his companion. As he reopened his sachel to replace the lunch-box, the keen eyes of the Yankee caught sight of something printed plainly on the inside, "*Mr. C——, Eutaw, Alabama.*" "Is *that* where you live?" demanded the startled man, pointing to the words. "Yes," was the quiet reply, "I live in Eutaw." A moment more and the Yankee had vanished.

Artemus Ward bequeathed his library to the best boy in the schools of his native town of Waterford. His faithful valet is to be put two years to the best printer in America "to learn the value of learning," and then sent to college.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Natural Sciences there was exhibited a sheet of chemically pure silver, three feet in diameter, three ounces in weight, and as thin as fine paper. The color was beautifully white, and the texture like fine lace. This sheet was made by mixing solutions of protosulphate of iron and sulphate of silver in a large dish, and the silver rose to the surface, and there formed into a sheet. Successive sheets will rise with each stripping.

A sad accident—one more added to the long list of similar ones—recently occurred in St. Louis. A party of young people were amusing themselves on the pleasure grounds of a friend. In the sport a young lady threw a missile of some kind at a young gentleman, who had a double-barreled shot-gun in his hand, not dreaming that it was loaded. When she threw at him he playfully pointed the gun at her, saying, "I'll shoot you," and, to his utter astonishment, the gun went off, and the whole charge was lodged in her face. The young lady died in a few moments.

A short time ago a New Jersey farmer of fifty or thereabouts took a fancy to his neighbor's wife. So he left his own family and came to New York in company with the lady and her husband; and a bargain was made, by which he agreed to pay to the original husband $6000 for the wife. The couple sailed for California. The woman brought more than she was worth.

Something new in the way of pins is announced. There is a newly patented article in this line which will remain in position when once placed, and will not injure the fabric. The improvement consists in forming the shank with one or more swells or enlargements, beginning at or near the point, and terminating in square or beveled shoulders; or if designed to be permanently placed, as in fastening papers together, the expanded portion is provided with barbed points, so that if once inserted it can not be withdrawn. By using this pin no anxiety need be felt by the ladies lest some article of apparel should become unpinned.

Among the singular reasons assigned by suicides for cutting short their lives is the following, given by a man who recently hung himself in Paris. In a pocket of his coat was a written paper to the following effect: "I have lived 38 years entirely unknown in the world; my life has always been for me a problem, the solution of which disquiets me. I am going to try and solve it in another world, which is just as unknown to me as the one I quit, but where I shall find, as I have been told, what I have vainly sought for in this—the realization of my dreams."

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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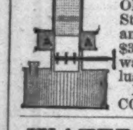

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The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The Trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY—the ship Golden State, from Japan, with 22,000 half chests, and the ship George Shotton, from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black and 22,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

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Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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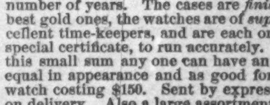

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